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Attention is called to the Editor's paper, "A Letter Reanswered," which appears in this issue.

CHRONICLE

The War.—Nowhere except in Serbia have military developments of an important character taken place. Even Goritz, which for several weeks has seemed to be near its fall, is still holding out.

Bulletin, Nov. 30, p. m.-Dec. 7, a. m.

From Mesopotamia comes the news of a defeat suffered at the hands of the Turks by the British, and attributed to the treachery of the Arabs. The engagement, which resulted in the loss of 5,000 British, has halted the advance on Bagdad.

The capture of Prisrend by the Bulgarians has completed the campaign in central Serbia, all of which together with northern Serbia is now held by the Bulgarians and Central Powers. The

Central Serbia and Montenegro

Austrians are now concentrating their attention on the invasion of Montenegro. An Austrian army operating along the Drina in southern Bosnia, after having made a considerable advance, was checked by the Montenegrins at Foca, but is again moving south. On the eastern border of Montenegro, the Austrians have been more successful. Advancing in a southwesterly direction from Priboj and Prjepolje, they have crossed the Lim River, entered Montenegrin territory, and taken Boljanio, Plevlje and Jabunka. Less progress has been made by the Austrians, who are moving west from Mitrovica, for Ipek, though threatened, is still in Montenegrin hands. Further south, the Bulgarians are pursuing the Serbians near Djakova.

With the fall of Monastir, which the Bulgarians captured after having taken Krusevo and crossed the upper Cerna, the Serbian resistance in southern Serbia has

Southern Serbia

practically come to an end. The Serbians evacuated the city without a battle, and retreated across the Greek frontier, where they are said to have been given a demonstration of welcome. They were not disarmed. The fall of Monastir increases the difficulties of the Anglo-French forces, that extend northeast along the southern bank of the Cerna to Krivolak, and from that point southeast along the Vardar to Doiran. Engagements on both of these fronts have taken place, especially south of Strumnitsa, but without appreciable results. The presence of the Bulgarians on the Anglo-French left wing, together with the fact that the Bulgarians far outnumber their opponents, has given rise to the impression that the Allies must soon retreat.

Greece's dilatoriness in making a definite reply to the demands of the Allies has been followed by a partial resumption of the commercial restrictions which were

Other Items

enforced some time ago and then lifted by the Allies. Greece's proposal that the terms of the agreement be discussed by a joint committee, made up of representatives of both sides, has met with disfavor, and the Allies are pressing for immediate assurances. The Bulgarians seem to be striving to avoid a disagreement with Greece, for they have not pursued the Serbians across the Greek border, and they are said to have hoisted, not their own, but the Austrian flag over the captured city of Monastir.

The American Government has demanded the recall of Captain Boy-Ed, and Captain von Papen, the naval and military attachés of the German Embassy at Washington. The grounds on which our Government bases its action are briefly set forth in the following statement, made by Secretary Lansing: "On account of what this

Government considers their improper activities in military and naval matters, this Government has requested the immediate recall of Captain Boy-Ed and Captain von Papen, as they are no longer acceptable to this Government." In reply to this demand Germany has asked specific reasons for the recall. Secretary Lansing, it is said, regards such a request as without precedent, and is not disposed to grant it. Rumania's final attitude is still a matter of speculation. Her decree, closing Rumanian ports to foreign ships and empowering the requisition of all vessels in Rumanian waters, has been interpreted as a step toward entrance into hostilities, but beyond this, there is no indication that she intends to depart from a position of neutrality.

Austria-Hungary.—Public attention has again been centered on the Dual Monarchy. The visit paid to Emperor Francis Joseph at the Castle of Schönbrunn by the

Important Events

German Emperor has given occasion to various unfounded speculations. Authoritative circles at the Austrian capital declare the visit to have been without any special political significance. The event called forth manifestations of great enthusiasm for the German Emperor in Vienna, both at his arrival and on his departure. He was hailed by the Austrian press as "our beloved, honored and faithful friend and ally." Following upon this visit, but not therefore to be connected with it, came the resignation of three Austrian Ministers, who are not to be confounded with those of the Dual Monarchy. The Ministers whose resignation was accepted by the Emperor are Dr. Karl Baron Heinold, Minister of the Interior; Dr. Rudolph Schuster, Minister of Commerce; and Baron Engel, Minister of Finance. They are succeeded by financial experts such as the time demands: the President of the Supreme Court of Accounts, the Director of the *Kredit Anstalt*, and the Governor of the Postal Savings Bank. There is no question, therefore, as has been suggested, of any protest against the war program, but rather an attempt to carry out the program with the greatest efficiency. Immediately upon these events followed the celebration throughout all Austria-Hungary of the sixty-seventh anniversary of the accession of Emperor Francis Joseph to the Austrian throne, December 2, 1848. His coronation as King of Hungary followed many years later, on June 8, 1867.

Canada.—The Canadian troops have borne a distinguished part in the military operations of the mother country, and it is now announced that the Dominion's first venture in her own fields of war-finance has been highly successful. The fifty million dollar war-loan proposed towards the end of November was quickly oversubscribed by nearly sixty millions. The number of individual subscribers is more than twenty-five thousand, and applications were received from all sections of the

country; facts which bear witness not only to the patriotism of the Canadians but to their practical belief that success will in the end crown their great struggle. According to the Canadian Minister of Finance, the payments will be made in installments extending over a period of six months, and the total proceeds of the loan will be spent in Canada for the purpose of equipping and forwarding Canadian troops. This announcement is in keeping with the adopted policy; more than eighty per cent of all war expenditures up to the present have been made in the country itself. In the Minister's opinion, this practice will eliminate any danger to the ordinary financial operations of business, which might otherwise find place; all moneys, moreover, to be made in payment will be retained until actually called for, in the several banks of deposit, credited to the Minister of Finance. Many Canadian bankers, it is said, encouraged by the success of the first venture, are now urging the Minister of Finance to extend the loan in excess of the sum originally proposed. To date, the Canadian Government has advanced a total of nearly fifty-eight million dollars in temporary advances to the Imperial Government, to pay for orders placed in Canada. From time to time these advances have been repaid by the Imperial Government, and at an advance, owing to the adverse rate of exchange. It is believed, therefore, that the Dominion will seek to establish a credit on behalf of Great Britain for contracts placed in Canada, and that the financial operations now successfully inaugurated will be widely extended as the occasion is offered or found.

Germany.—The Reichstag met November 30 for its sixth war session. Many of the members were present in their grey field uniforms, and not a few wore the Iron Cross they had won at the front.

Questions Before the Reichstag

The opening was marked by the address of welcome, delivered by the President, Dr. Kaempf. The enemies of Germany, he said, had permitted themselves to be deceived regarding the country's financial strength now manifested to them by the astonishing results of the war loans. They are similarly deceived, he held, concerning Germany's economic strength:

All our enemies have recognized that we are invincible on the battlefield, hence they cling the more eagerly to the hope of destroying us economically, of conquering us by hunger. . . . We have grain for bread. Potatoes, a most important food of the people, are abundant. If in other things there may be scarcity, as cannot be disputed, yet the hardships thus caused to a majority of the poorer population will be surmounted by the organization of the provision market.

At the same session the Secretary of the Imperial Treasury introduced a bill requiring companies, corporations and juridical persons to set aside fifty per cent of their extra profits during the war years to cover their ultimate taxation. The question of peace terms,

it is thought, may be put before the House by the Socialists at the next session of the Reichstag. The *Berlin Tageblatt* sees no reason why such a question should not be directed now to the Chancellor: "The British place no such restrictions on themselves and care little what constructions are placed on this or that word." The "unusually favorable military situation," the paper thinks, should make an announcement of the imperial policy still more opportune. "It should be reiterated," it adds as a warning to the foreign press, "that there is not a trace of weakness in the German. Should any one abroad be foolish enough so to misconstrue the Social Democratic interpellation, the facts will prove to him how mistaken he is."

Great Britain.—Recent events alternately brought the dark and the bright side of Great Britain's position to the consideration of the world. The dark side is undoubtedly suggested by the condition of

Labor Difficulties labor. Much in the fashion of the United States, Great Britain has been viewing the labor question, which is, concretely, the workingman's struggle to keep himself and his family from starvation, from two customary attitudes. The first attitude has been to refuse to acknowledge its existence. The second has been to tinker with it by the passage of repressive, innocuous, tyrannical or "grandmotherly" legislation. The repressive and tyrannical laws have suffered from a fatal inconvenience—they are inoperative. The innocuous legislation died of inanition on the pages of the statute-book, and the "grandmotherly" variety encouraged all parties to the quarrel to nurse their wrath to keep it warm. The Munitions of War Act is now said to be giving "satisfaction"; it would have given greater satisfaction, perhaps would have been unnecessary, had the tangles in which industrial England of the last century has involved herself been straightened out by patient perseverance as they occurred. But the Act began with a fiasco. The strike of the Welsh miners rendered them liable to a collective fine of thirty million dollars; a fine that will never be paid because it was never imposed. What happened was that Lloyd George with three of the Cabinet went to Wales "to confer" with the two hundred thousand strikers. The outcome was "a victory for the Government"; that is, the miners went back to work, but not before they had received nearly every concession asked for. The strength of numbers counted; for when smaller bodies and individuals tried the same tactics, they found that what could not be enforced against a whole region could be and was enforced against a weaker opposition. Since it is an Englishman's inalienable right to express in the face of the sun his opinion on every subject under the sun, this left-handed justice came in for its share of comment; the continual exercise of this right, however, deprives it, even on its native heath, of any particular significance which it might otherwise bear. In the past

week, Mr. McKenna, Mr. Lloyd George, and even the Premier, were subjected to some very incisive "heckling" on the relations of the labor of the man who works in the munition factories, with the personal profits of the man who does not work but only serves his country by owning the factory. It may be that this gentleman is not growing rich, but the populace seems to think that he is, and so long as the populace is obsessed with this conviction, appeals to the worker's sense of justice, loyalty, frugality, economy and patriotism, are likely to be received with certain reserves. The Premier's reference at a London labor meeting to increased wages was neatly countered by cries of "increased cost of living," so that the Premier "was forced to turn aside."

So much for the dark side of the problem. The happier aspect is recalled by reviewing what Great Britain has actually done to fulfill her obligations, natural or assumed. To begin with,

The Brighter Side she can discount much of the criticism she is receiving at home, because she is fully aware that criticism is an Anglo-Saxon characteristic, which does not argue but rather infers a true love of country. Great Britain by her loans of nearly two and a quarter billions of dollars to the Allies, has supplied the not least necessary sinew of war. Her navy has swept the German merchant marine and commerce raider from the sea, has isolated the German colonies from all intercourse with the Fatherland, has transported thousands of troops with a remarkably small casualty list, has "maintained business as usual" at home and to an extent on the Continent; and finally, by bottling up a splendid fleet, has made the German navy as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean. The battle flag of England now floats over regiments in France, Belgium, the Dardanelles, Egypt, East and Southwest Africa, the Cameroons and in countries adjacent to the Persian Gulf. The men who write that England is "lethargic" have not dipped their pens in knowledge. Her actual achievements are great; what she will do is answered by consulting not a prophet but staid history.

Ireland.—The treatment of the Irish emigrants who were refused passage at Liverpool is still agitating the Irish press. *New Ireland* declares that when for seventy

War Echoes years famine drove multitudes from the country "there was no cry of protest from those who would now forcibly detain, in order that they may assist England in her need, the Irishmen who are following the normal tendency to emigrate at this time of year." Sir John Simon in answer to an interpellation in Parliament "admitted that emigration was not confined to any one part of the United Kingdom." The *Evening News* declares that "many hundreds of young Englishmen have attempted to emigrate," and different papers declare "that emigrants from England are booking their passages for Holland on the way to America."

The *Weekly Freeman* prints a communication from Mr. John Dillon on the subject. He declares the men had a perfect right to emigrate and that "in view of the past history of their country and their race they cannot be taunted as cowards." The real blame for the incidents he puts on the newspapers and individuals who have striven "to destroy the faith of these young men in the counsel and leadership of the Irish Party." "See what you have brought upon yourselves by flouting the advice of Mr. Redmond and the members of the Party listening to the craven counsels of irresponsible men!" he exclaims. The able Bishop of Limerick, Dr. O'Dwyer, addressed a letter to the *Munster News* on the matter. Though quoted before in *AMERICA*, this part is worth re quoting:

The treatment which the poor Irish emigrant lads have received at Liverpool is enough to make any Irishman's blood boil with anger and indignation. What wrong have they done to deserve insults and outrage at the hands of a brutal British mob? They do not want to be forced into the British army and sent to fight English battles in some part of the world. Is not that within their right? They are supposed to be free men, but they are made to feel that they are prisoners who may be compelled to lay down their lives for a cause that is not worth "three rows of pins" to them. It is very probable that these poor Connaught peasants know little or nothing of the meaning of the war. Their blood is not stirred by the memories of Kossovo, and they have no burning desire to die for Serbia. They would much prefer to be allowed to till their own potato gardens in peace in Connemara. Small nationalities, and the wrongs of Belgium and Reims Cathedral, and all the other cosmopolitan considerations that rouse the enthusiasm of the Irish Party, but do not get enough recruits in England, are far too high-flying for uneducated peasants, and it seems a cruel wrong to attack them because they cannot rise to the level of the disinterested Imperialism of Mr. T. P. O'Connor and the rest of the New Brigade. But in all the shame and humiliation of this disgraceful episode what angers one most is that there is no one, not even one of their own countrymen, to stand up and defend them. Their crime is that they are not ready to die for England. Why should they? This war may be just or unjust, but any fair-minded man will admit that it is England's war, not Ireland's. When it is over if England wins she will hold a dominant power in this world and her manufactures and her commerce will increase by leaps and bounds. Win or lose, Ireland will go on, in our old round of misgovernment, intensified by a grinding poverty which will make life intolerable. Yet the poor fellows who do not see the advantage of dying for such a cause are to be insulted as "shirkers" and "cowards."

Meantime the *Irish Times* is threatening the Irish people with conscription. Mr. Dillon is denouncing conscription, and *New Ireland* is pointing out once again that compulsory service will result in "the economic scandal of draining the land of its laborers and sacrificing the food supply to the demand for more soldiers."

Rome.—The new cardinals are Monsignor Giulio Tonti, Titular Archbishop of Ancyra, Apostolic Nuncio to Portugal; Monsignor Alfonso Maria Mistrangelo, Archbishop of Florence; Monsignor Giovanni Cagliero, Titular Archbishop of Sebaste, Apostolic De-

legate and Envoy Extraordinary to the Republics of Costa Rica, Nicaragua and Honduras; Monsignor Andreas Frühwirth, Titular Archbishop of Heraclea, Apostolic Nuncio to Bavaria; Monsignor Raffaele Scapinelli di Leguigno, Titular Archbishop of Laodicea, Apostolic Nuncio to Austria-Hungary; and Monsignor Giorgio Gusmini, Archbishop of Bologna. All, with the exception of Mgr. Frühwirth, are Italian by birth. The number of Italian Cardinals is thus raised to twenty-nine, while the Foreign Cardinals, including Cardinal Falconio, as "International," are thirty-two. Three of the new Cardinals are religious. "A summary glance at the names," says *Rome*, "will reveal this as a 'Diplomatic' Consistory." Mgr. Tonti was born in Rome, 1844, and studied at the Pontifical Roman Seminary. He entered the diplomatic career and after various appointments as Titular Bishop of Samos, Titular Archbishop of Sardis, Archbishop of Port au Prince, and Titular Archbishop of Ancyra, was sent as Apostolic Nuncio to Brazil, in 1902, and as Nuncio to Portugal in 1906. After the outbreak of the revolution he retired to Rome. Mgr. Mistrangelo is a member of the Congregation of the Scolopians, Clerics Regular of the Pious Schools. He was created Bishop of Pontremoli in 1895, and later promoted to the Archbishopric of Florence. Mgr. Cagliero is a Salesian, and one of Dom Bosco's first pupils. He has been conspicuous for his zeal and diplomatic skill. He was born in 1838, and sailed as one of the first missionaries to Patagonia, in 1875. Returning to Italy, after a two years' stay there, he was made Vicar Apostolic of Patagonia in 1884, and since that time has always been in South or Central America. In 1908 he was appointed Delegate Apostolic to Costa Rica, Honduras and Nicaragua. Mgr. Frühwirth is a Dominican, born in Austria, 1845. He completed his studies at Rome, was made Provincial of the Austro-Hungarian Province, and finally Master General of the Order in 1891. He was appointed Nuncio to Bavaria, and created Titular Archbishop of Heraclea in 1907. His services have been highly appreciated in Bavaria. With him the Dominican Order has given eighty-one Cardinals to the Church. Mgr. Scapinelli has likewise been most successful in diplomatic offices. He was born at Modena in 1858, and was successively Secretary of the Nunciature at Lisbon, Auditor at the Hague, *Cameriere Segreto Partecipante* to Leo XIII, and Secretary for Foreign Ecclesiastical Affairs, besides holding other important offices. In 1912 he was created Titular Archbishop of Laodicea and was likewise appointed Apostolic Nuncio to Vienna. Lastly Mgr. Gusmini was born at Vertova, 1855. He was created Bishop of Bergamo in 1910, and promoted to the Archiepiscopal See of Bologna five days after it had been vacated by the former Cardinal Della Chiesa, now Pope Benedict XV. The youngest of the new Cardinals is Mgr. Scapinelli, 57; the oldest, Mgr. Cagliero, 77. Mgr. Gusmini is 60; Mgr. Mistrangelo, 63; Mgr. Frühwirth, 70; and Mgr. Tonti, 71.

The Six
New Cardinals

TOPICS OF INTEREST

A Letter Reanswered

THE letter is Mr. Tumulty's; the reason for this second reply is that the first was incomplete, purposely so for fear that the great issue between decent Americans and the Mexican revolutionists might be obscured. That issue was not obscure; on the contrary, it is clearer today than ever before. Moreover, the issue was never more widely known than now. Everybody is at last cognizant of the facts that in Mexico priests were tortured and murdered, Brothers shot to death, Sisters outraged, churches desecrated, altars and sacred vessels polluted, vestments defiled, God mocked by decree, by spoken word, by act. Everybody realizes that in Mexico liberty is stifled, rights, human and Divine, scorned, while bandits with bloody fists uplifted in defiance of God, ride to triumph over the souls of little girls, in whose eyes heaven was once reflected, over the broken hearts of maidens and of consecrated virgins, and of mothers, God's choicest gift to earth. All this is common knowledge now; it is well that it should be. For this issue is neither personal nor political; it is not between man and man, or party and party, it is between brutality and humanitarianism, between deviltry and righteousness, a naked question of principles that pertain exclusively to no creed or sect or group, but to the human race, precisely because the race is human and not brutal.

There is no official record of the dastardly crime against Sisters on file in the State Department, declares Mr. Tumulty. What then? Does the absence of such a record disprove the crime? To ask the question is to answer it. Again, was there ever such a record there? If so, what has become of it? If it was not there, why not? The crimes were committed several times; authentic records of them are on file in other offices. Have similar records been withheld from the State Department? An officer of our Army puts his signature to an affidavit, in Vera Cruz, attesting the crimes; the State Department remains ignorant of them, and Mr. Tumulty declares "that the officers of our Army in Vera Cruz have stated that they never heard of a single report of outrage." Strange! Stranger still that on his return from Vera Cruz an officer of our Navy should call on me unsolicited and state with reiterated emphasis that Mr. —, American Consul at —, Mexico, told him that he had informed our State Department of the crimes against Sisters. Did this officer lie gratuitously? Or did the report come by wire and then by telephone to a State Department official, who neglected to record it? If the report came in manuscript, where is it? Answer or no answer, this much is clear, *some* officers of the Army and Navy heard the report at Vera Cruz.

The State Department is without official record. Why?

But here a doubt arises. What word or phrase in the sentence: "There is no official record of a single proven case of this dastardly crime in the files of the State Department," does Mr. Tumulty wish to stress? "Official"? If so, are no records of value except those submitted by officials, friends, in several cases, of Villa and Carranza? Is the stress to be placed on "proven"? What kind of certitude does Mr. Tumulty demand? Will not moral certitude suffice, that furnished by the sworn testimony of God-fearing people? Where, I ask again, is the stress to be placed? On the phrase, "in the files of the State Department"? Good; then, the old query recurs: Why are not the records there?

Ah, but there's Father Paredes! Quite true, there's Father Paredes, an appointee of Carranza; there he is, jumping from cassock to a Carranzista uniform and offering evidence that is as far from the point at issue as disloyalty to duty is from loyalty thereto. Traitors are scarcely competent to testify for the institution they betray. And what does he say? (1) No Sisters were maltreated in the archdiocese of Mexico City. (2) I could not confirm reports that maltreated Sisters arrived here from other places.

Neglecting the character of the witness, the first item would be good evidence if the Republic of Mexico were coterminous with the archdiocese of Mexico City. The former, however, contains approximately 765,000 square miles, the latter less than 17,000 square miles. The second item of evidence is worthless from every point of view. Even though the witness were a competent investigator, the evidence adduced is entirely negative. Moreover, that injured people did not arrive in Mexico City, does not prove they were not injured. Whether they actually arrived at the capital, is not in question just now. Father Paredes and his testimony may now be dismissed, with that gentleman's significant reference to his accession to power: "I . . . have had occasions to personally interest myself in all the religious matters of the Archdiocese since August 8, 1914, the date of the entry of the Constitutional forces into the city."

Just here the question of freedom of worship appears. Mr. Tumulty stresses this, quoting the promise made by Carranza's official agent on October 8, 1915. The agent's words are fair, but facts render them ridiculous. Not only have the repressive decrees issued prior to October 8 not been recalled, but the warfare against religion—note, I say, against religion, not against Catholicism—was never more savage than it is today. Morelia and Yucatan and the city of Leon are being devastated. Alvarado, military governor of Yucatan, is denouncing religion and the ministers thereof savagely, he is closing Catholic schools and colleges, exiling the teachers and confiscating the property, he is alienating churches from their proper use, converting them into halls, he is in short destroying every vestige of religious liberty.

Was there ever a more telling parallel than this?

On October 14, 1915, the Department of State gave to the press the following statement in relation to religious freedom in Mexico:

"For the information of those who have made inquiries of the Department concerning religious freedom in Mexico there is given below the substance of a communication addressed to the Department of State on October 8, 1915, by Eliseo Arredondo, the Washington representative of Gen. Carranza:

"I have the honor to say that inasmuch as the reestablishment of peace within order and law is the purpose of the Government of Venustiano Carranza, to the end that all the inhabitants of Mexico without exception, whether nationals or foreigners, may equally enjoy the benefits of true justice, and hence take interest in cooperating to the support of the Government, the laws of reform, which guarantee individual freedom of worship according to every one's conscience, shall be strictly observed. Therefore the Constitutionalist Government will respect everybody's life, property and religious beliefs, without other limitation than the preservation of public order and the observance of the institutions in accordance with the laws in force and the Constitution of the Republic." (Extract from the letter of Mr. Tumulty, President Wilson's Sec'y, to Dr. James J. Maguire, of Trenton, N. J.)

This is "religious liberty"! This is "respect for religious beliefs without other limitation than the preservation of public order"! This is Carranzista sincerity toying with American ingenuousness! But there is more yet. *La Vox de la Revolucion* published at Merida, Yucatan, is a Carranzista organ. Carranzista generals, governors, mayors, and so forth, speak through its columns. These are their sentiments:

(1.) The people should understand that the clergy have always been their external (*sic*) enemies and that they (the clergy) and they alone have brought on bloody and fratricidal war, in order to enrich themselves and enjoy worldly goods and pleasures without work, while the people starve and await death in sorrow, believing that they will then begin to enjoy Divine glory. See to it that the reform laws which are wise be observed throughout the whole country, that the people "be not fanaticized" and exploited, that the workmen be not robbed of their wages (Extract from the speech of the Mayor of Tekax. *"La Vox,"* November 18, 1915, p. 4.)

(2.) OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS OF THE MILITARY COMMANDER OF MERIDA. THE CATHOLIC CHURCH OF A TOWN TURNED INTO A SCHOOL. . . . Then they passed to the Catholic Church which is large, clean and well ventilated. The Commandant ordered the Commissary to strip the church, make firewood of the confessional and establish the civil school for girls there. . . . (*"La Vox,"* November 18, 1915, pp. 1, 2.)

The State must be "defanaticized." The mighty effort undertaken by false apostles of religion who, greedy and insatiable of blood, money and power have ever since the days of the conquest been forging in our country, link by link, the most frightful chain of crimes, misfortunes and treasons, by their lies, by the web of sophistries which they have woven, has, I say, kept the country in a state of brutal servitude and disorganization. The overthrow of these men is at hand. Let them flee, terrified and ashamed, hiding themselves in oblivion, ignorance and reaction, their only companions, while the Constitutionalist revolution remains the symbol of the beneficial light of science. Let us remember that religion is ignorance and that as the revolution triumphs God goes down. To conclude: It is necessary . . . to do away with everything that savors of fanaticism, everything that is a check to progress, everything that trammels education, that is an obstacle to science and liberty and that tends to keep in darkness and to brutalize the representative of the Maya race. (*Manifesto of General Alvarado, military commander of the State of Yucatan, published over his name and that of the provisional secretary, General Rafael Aguere in the "Diario Oficial del Gobierno Constitucionalista del Estado de Yucatan" for November 1, 1915, pp. 4179, 4180, 4181.*)

(3.) A HOUSE OF SUPERSTITION [i.e. a Church] CONVERTED INTO A CONFERENCE HALL FOR RURAL TEACHERS. Telegram from Motul to Merida, November 12, 1915. (There follows an announcement of the conversion of the church into an assembly hall for rural teachers. (*"La Vox,"* November 14, 1915, p. 9.)

(4.) THE MUCH-DISCUSSED AFFAIR OF THE AYALA BENEFACTION. (A long account of the sequestration of a fund left for charitable purposes. (*"La Vox,"* November 20, 1915, p. 2.)

Here are a few passages chosen at random from the account of this confiscation:

Apropos of this (sequestration) it is time that public authority should pay attention to the exploitation, with which daily, and indeed with shameless and fetid immorality, these tonsured men speculate in the hour of death (*sic*) in order to obtain other people's property. This mystical exploitation at the verge of the grave has become a school (*sic*). The dying person is for the immense majority of these gentlemen priests, a Divine source of speculation and theft. . . . This vampireism must cease; this sore must be cauterized whatever it costs. Public authority cannot cross its arms in the presence of such iniquitous exploitation of affliction and ignorance. If to punish such exploiters it be necessary to break laws then let them be broken, but let corruption, vice and theft be corrected. . . .

It is indisputable that the Revolution will not compromise with the exploiters of fanaticism . . . trafficking clergy who always conceal their booty in the dark lest restitution be demanded, etc.

All this occurred in November, 1915; Carranzista's promise was made in October, 1915. Here then are the respect for religious belief, the liberty of conscience, the freedom of worship guaranteed by the First Chief. That respect, liberty, and freedom consist in blasphemy, expulsion of priests, conversion of churches into halls and schools, denial of the consolation of religion to the people. Americans had thought that those words bore a different signification; some have changed their minds.

Mr. Tumulty remarks that it is interesting to note that Catholic nations joined in the recognition of Carranza. It might be more interesting, were the minutes of the conference published. Let that pass. This is interesting too: Italy is also called a Catholic country; would Mr. Tumulty approve of all the acts of the Italian Government towards the Catholic Church? Portugal is called a Catholic country; France is called a Catholic country; would Mr. Tumulty approve of the acts of the Portuguese and French Governments towards the Church? Why, Mr. Tumulty, the religious significance of the "Pan-American Conference" was appreciated by Catholics the very day the Conference was announced. They smiled then, they laugh now.

A few items remain, as follows: First, I have not imputed and do not impute to Mr. Tumulty bad faith, suppression of facts or anything else of the kind. My concern is with the moral and religious aspects of his letter as it stands. Secondly, some men who seem to think that they were baptized politicians and not Christians, are declaring that they are fearful "I may not have the facts." These people mistake the object of their fear: they do not fear that "I may not have the facts": they fear the facts. Let them not worry; splints for spines and rubber

holders for knees, will prevent their bodies from wobbling. Their souls? Ah, that is another question. Lastly, Dr. James J. McGuire asked "what the situation is" in Mexico. He did not get an answer. I shall answer him. It is plain hell, just plain hell ruled by demons of cruelty and bestiality; and it will remain plain hell until the hand of God smites the demons who have devastated unfortunate Mexico, the land of weeping children and maltreated women. Meantime Americans can thank God that this fair country is likely to remain free from strife, for peace is a blessing.

R. H. TIERNEY, S.J.,
Editor of AMERICA.

The Boys of New York

IT is more or less in keeping with our modern tendency to mistake quantity for quality and to aim for what is merely large, confusing it with what is worthy, so that many of our important problems have remained unsolved because they have appeared too simple to be worth the solving. Possibly in this way may be explained why for so long a time we have failed to give proper care and attention to the Catholic boys of New York. The opportunity for helping them has always been present. Perhaps it has been so near at hand that we have never seen it.

The situation as it exists, particularly in the poorer sections of the city, may be readily explained. The boy, a peculiarly human person, has a natural and healthy desire for amusement and for companions, a desire that must in some manner be met. These wants of his cannot be satisfied within the narrow and unwholesome confines of his tenement home. Hence out into the streets he must go. The streets! What a place in which to make his friends; what a place in which to find his pleasure!

There are plenty of street corners where he may stand and talk and meet choice companions; plenty of pool-rooms where he may gamble. Splendid pleasures these for our growing boys, the coming manhood of our nation! You may say that he can play games in the street, innocent boyish games. Verily! But woe betide him if he fails to evade the passing trucks and street-cars; or worse still, if he violates the dignity and majesty of a single city ordinance and renders himself amenable to the mighty arm of the law. If he meets with an accident, a hospital is ready to shelter him. But if he commits that deadly crime of being mischievous, he may be sent to the institution, paradoxically termed a reformatory. Splendid playgrounds these, the streets of New York!

Then consider what friends the boy may meet there: the street-corner "lounger"; the pool-room habitué, the crap-shooter, and now the cocaine fiend, and heroin snuffer. Is it any wonder that the typical product of the New York streets is the gangster, the gunman? The

situation is not exaggerated. Perhaps if we realized how many of these gangsters there are in the making; how many incipient gunmen there are among our growing boys, above all if we realized how many of these are Catholics, we might pause and ponder. The real problem of caring for the boys of New York is not to *cure* them after they have gone wrong. The question is how best to *prevent* them from going wrong. This work of prevention is a mighty task and a task peculiarly suited to the layman.

It may be well to mention here that a boy ceases to be a boy in the eyes of the law at the age of sixteen. Up to that age, he is considered a child, and if arrested, is brought before the Children's Court. After that age, he is considered a man, and in the event of his arrest, is brought before the Magistrate's Court or the Criminal Courts of higher jurisdiction, as his offense warrants. Fortunately this work of prevention is now being done in New York, and done well. Some actual incidents may illustrate the situation.

Last spring, a Catholic boy of sixteen was arrested, charged with the felony of carrying a revolver. The pistol was loaded at the time, which served to enhance the offense. The boy was an orphan and lived with two brothers who were typical products of our streets. He fell into bad company and suffered the consequences. The boy had once been a member of one of the Ozanam Clubs of this city, and the Ozanam Association was notified by the boy's employer of what had occurred. An active member of the association then took the matter in hand, with the following results: the boy was induced to confess his guilt, though at first he stoutly asserted his innocence; he pleaded guilty and his case was assigned to the Catholic probation officer, working under the Catholic Protective Society; the latter investigated the case and found that the boy was a first offender, that he had changed his home and was now living in better surroundings, that his employer had generously agreed to keep him in his employ and look after him. Under these circumstances, the Society recommended that the boy be paroled. Accordingly, sentence was suspended. The boy is now on parole and reports steadily to the probation officer. The Catholic Protective Society keeps an eye on him and sees that he avoids bad company. Instead of being sent to prison and emerging tainted as a felon, embittered and hardened to crime, the boy has been taught a sufficient lesson and at the same time is better off than before. His career has not been ruined. And all because a few Catholic laymen were willing to spend a little time, a little effort, in his behalf, and because there was a Catholic Protective Society to care for him.

Another case may serve to illustrate the other side of the picture. A boy, playing on the streets, ran against a glass show-case standing on the sidewalk and broke it. He was accordingly arrested, charged with disorderly conduct. He had no friends; no one to vouch for his

good character; no one to assure the magistrate that he would be looked after in the future. Accordingly, for the "dastardly" crime of breaking a window he was sent to the reformatory for six months. When he is released, he may possibly come forth, resolved never to run again on the streets and never, never to break a glass show-case. But rather, in all probability, he will emerge hardened by association with others worse than he, and embittered because of the injustice of his plight. His next offense against the law will be a real one.

In concrete terms, therefore, the work of caring for the boys of New York consists in providing for them places of wholesome recreation and legitimate pleasure in order to keep them from the evils and temptations of street life and night life in this city. And if they are arrested, then the next step is to see to it that their interests are looked after and if possible and advisable, that they receive another chance. The work is obviously beyond the efforts of the priests alone. It is the laity who must help, and the laymen of New York are helping today through the Ozanam Association and the Catholic Protective Society.

The work of these organizations can be sketched only briefly in this article. The Ozanam Association has established throughout the city seven club houses, open every night of the year, where boys may congregate, play, exercise, and where, above all, they may keep away from the evil influences of the streets. The clubs contain libraries and gymnasiums, and service classes are held and debating societies formed. The religious welfare of the boys is looked after as much as possible. Twice yearly, at Christmas time and Easter, the boys of each club attend Mass and receive Holy Communion in a body.

When the boy or young man goes wrong and is arrested, then the Catholic Protective Society, formed to care for all Catholic offenders against the law, is waiting to look after his interests. His case is investigated; his home conditions are examined and incidentally, in about one-third of the cases, it has been found that the parents are the real persons at fault. If the culprit is a first offender, a suspended sentence is generally sought and obtained. If he is placed on probation or on parole, then the Society looks after him and sees to it that he remains straight.

Thus, then, have the Catholics of New York sought to care for the boys. Much has been done, but very much more can be done. Many more Ozanam club-houses are needed; the field is not nearly covered; more workers are needed in the clubs that already exist. More voluntary workers in the Catholic Protective Society and the Catholic Boys' Protective League are needed. There should be a voluntary representative in every Court in the city.

The work of caring for the boys of New York must, above all, be continued; it must be broadened and extended. The task is for the Catholic laymen, and above

all the Catholic college graduate. To care for the boys is to conserve the manhood of our nation. The boys of today are the men of tomorrow. Are they not then worth caring for?

LOUIS C. HAGGERTY.

Capital Punishment

WE suffer much in these days from social reformers. If the pain were physical only and the reform a clear moral gain, we should not object. There are evils long established and firmly fixed, to root out which implies, at least, discomfort. What distresses right thinking people is the contempt of the moral order, of which reformers are guilty so often in the exercise of their usurped functions. Any reform, however just or desirable, is bought too dearly, when obtained at such a price. But not a few are neither just nor desirable because they contain within themselves the violation of the first principles of natural morality. Such is the abolition of capital punishment, that many are agitating so strenuously.

That public authority has not only the right but the obligation also of inflicting capital punishment, has been the universal conviction of mankind. This alone would suffice for the ordinary man. Unless all human certitude is to go by the board, we must hold the universal judgments of mankind to be true. The modern reformer will not admit this. He is individually wiser and more enlightened than all the wise and enlightened together; this does not help to change the ordinary man's opinion of his reforms. However, universal judgments must rest on a rational basis; and so, let us see what is the basis of the universal consent of men in the righteousness of capital punishment.

The reformer lays down this principle, that the end of punishment is the protection of society and the reform of the criminal. The ordinary man begins at once to ask: Why then is it called punishment? He does not deny that these two things come into the adequate idea of punishment; but he does suspect that they are not its chief, still less its exclusive elements. The reason is because, when a specific name is drawn from one of the elements composing a thing, it should be taken from the principal one. If then the reformer be right, the act of civil authority, with regard to one it puts in prison, should be called protection, or correction, or, perhaps, "cor-protection"; but punishment is clearly a misnomer. Between the latter notion and the two former the difference is as great as any difference can be. If the name is right, the chief element in its idea is neither protection nor correction, but something altogether different, which the reformer ignores, or conceals very sedulously. The ordinary man will agree with us, no doubt; for his common sense tells him that to punish crime, to protect society, to correct an individual, are three things absolutely distinct.

Whatever may be in the heads of reformers, this is

fixed in the intelligence of all sane men, that the undergoing of punishment by a criminal is, not figuratively but really, the paying of a debt he contracted in the commission of his crime. "He *pays* the penalty," is the common expression. The Romans expressed this very distinctly. With them "to *give penalties*" did not mean, to *inflict* them, but to *undergo* them. Public authority demanded and received the penalties of crime, just as a creditor demands and receives a debt: the criminal gave them to public authority, just as the debtor pays his creditor. The Greeks were still clearer. The criminal "gave *justice*": public authority "took it." The same idea is in our expression: "to satisfy justice."

This, then, is the primary end of punishment, to satisfy justice. It constitutes its very essence. The protection of society, the reform of the criminal are secondary ends only, and by no means essential. The case is quite possible in which society is not imperiled by a crime, and is quite frequent in which the criminal refuses to be corrected. Nevertheless he must be punished. His debt to justice alone gives the title to public authority to inflict the penalty. But it does more. It imposes on public authority the obligation of punishing; for the procuring of justice is a function public authority cannot divest itself of. It goes further yet. It makes the protection of society and the culprit's reform possible by depriving him definitely and efficaciously of his liberty. Apart from violated justice, neither the protection of others, nor the reform of an offender could give the right to imprison. The same is true of the correction of delinquency. The title to imprison must be found in a previous crime; and the more one looks the clearer one sees that it can have no other foundation than that we have explained. Otherwise our social order would be mere utilitarianism, which is but a species of the tyranny of brute force.

But what has all this to do with capital punishment? We answer that it was necessary to establish the true theory of crime and its punishment, since upon false ideas in this matter the whole argument against capital punishment rests. Crime is an exterior deliberate act violating moral order inasmuch as this is under the care of public authority. The primary and essential end of punishment is to procure the restoration of that order. This is not the same as the reparation of material injury. One who steals a thousand dollars repairs the material injury when he returns the money, but he does not restore the violated moral order. Such reparation, when possible, is necessary, that the restoration of order may be complete. But it does not follow that if it cannot be made, the restoration of order is impossible. Hence we draw, in passing, two conclusions: first, the fallacy of a common argument against the death penalty, that the execution of a murderer does not restore his victims to life; second, this truth, that the preventive end of punishment must consist in the guarding against future violations of the moral order, rather than in the mere pro-

curing that individuals may possess life and property securely. By the former the latter is obtained most efficaciously: if public authority cannot rise above the view of the latter, society cannot escape from the rule of mere force. Another important remark. As man is a rational animal, his moral reformation consists essentially in the correcting of his will, from which will follow correction of his exterior actions when occasion offers. The correcting of the will consists in procuring its conformity with that moral order it has violated. When this is obtained the criminal is reformed essentially, even though he should die the next moment: when it is not obtained there is no real reformation, no matter how correct the exterior deportment may be. Hence two more conclusions: first, capital punishment does not exclude the reform of the criminal; second, in procuring the restoration of moral order, punishment obtains efficaciously its threefold end.

The satisfaction of justice and the restoration of order are clearly the same thing under two aspects. In what does it consist? It is not physical in itself. It does not pretend to undo the fact of the crime. It is something moral, as the order in question is moral, dealing with human wills. The observance of moral order is the subjection of the will to the dictates of this order. Its violation takes place by the revolt of the will. Its restoration is not merely a resumption of its observance ignoring the violation: it is, first of all, the making satisfaction for its violation. When this violation proceeds to external acts, the satisfaction should be external; and when those acts are such as come under the cognizance of public authority, public authority must enforce that exterior satisfaction. Hence, there must be a due proportion between the crime and its punishment; and in all criminal law the penalties are so graded. There are violations of the moral order so grievous that no adequate satisfaction can be made otherwise than by the offender's life. This is the certain conclusion of sound reason. It is the intimate conviction of the human race. The opponents of capital punishment cannot refute it. To avoid its urgency, they have recourse to a simple but very irrational expedient. They put the moral order out of court altogether. They build up a flimsy argument on the false foundation that punishment has no other end than to protect society and to reform the criminal in his outward conduct.

HENRY WOODS, S.J.

War Time in a London Suburb

THE place was once a Thames-side village among fields and orchards. It is now an outlying suburb, for London has stretched itself out for miles along the western roads. But it is just far enough to escape being buried in the spreading tide of bricks and mortar. It keeps much of its old country aspect. On one side the fields are near it; on another the orchards stretch for a mile, and the park of an old ducal mansion on the site of a convent suppressed in Reformation times protects it on a third. Its fourth front is the river. The place has kept its old-world aspects and is more like a

little country town than a London suburb. For one point all the people seem to know each other, while in London proper one seldom knows one's next door neighbor.

A year of war has brought with it many changes in the place and many unexpected experiences. There was a feeling of a plunge into the unknown on the August morning when the newspapers told us that England had declared war on Germany in defense of Belgium, and the notices were posted calling up the reserves of the army. Two days before we had sent away a few naval reservists mostly stokers and engineers, but the mobilization of the fleet did not greatly affect the place. For we had few naval reservists in our village, and the fleet mobilization was regarded as a precaution that did not necessarily mean war. I think we sent about ten men to the navy, two of these lost their lives, when the three cruisers were sunk by a German submarine off the Dutch coast.

But the mobilization of the army was a different business. Not only were the reserves called out, but for the first time in its existence of more than fifty years, the old volunteer force, now known as the Territorial Army, was called up for service. The order was issued late on August 4. The post offices were open all night to keep the telephones available, and to enable reservists to cash the orders for their traveling expenses. The tram cars that run up to London were crowded with men in khaki uniforms; motor cars came and went, each conveying an army staff officer, and a policeman. They were requisitioning horses and carts, motor cars and wagons for the service of the army. Wild rumors circulated of the activity of German agents, *all of them untrue*. We were told that a neighboring railway bridge had been blown up in the night, and that the police had seized stores of explosives at a local rubber factory, belonging to a German, and at a boys' school run by a German schoolmaster. In the village itself on the second day of the war there was a startling sensation. An armed party in khaki uniform drew up before one of the old timbered houses. When they tried to enter it, they were fired upon, but after a good deal of firing they penetrated into the house and brought out a rascally-looking individual in a fur cap. It was the "capture of a German spy," but in front of the house a photographic operator was turning the handle of a big camera. The whole scene was only the production of a sensational cinematograph film.

There was a scare about food prices, which led to some of the local shops being almost cleared out by alarmed purchasers. But on the second day this was all over, for the Government announced that prices would be regulated by fixing a maximum. On the whole, people took the declaration of war more calmly than had been expected. Before the week was over, there was little change in the normal life of the place. This calmness, which was not peculiar to our suburb, was all the more remarkable because the situation was so completely beyond the experience of English life for several generations. It was a hundred years since we had been at war with a neighboring Continental State. It was the first war that had ever affected the interests of the whole population.

For three weeks no one knew what was happening. The press censorship forbade any reference to the movements of troops and even any allusion to the preparations that were being made for the reception of the wounded, who would presently arrive from abroad. In those first weeks of the war there was absolute confidence in immediate victory. One Sunday evening there was excitement at the news of a great French success in Alsace. The telegram was read from some of the local pulpits. But what everyone was waiting for was news of a great British victory in Belgium. The popular idea was that our troops were somewhere side by side with the

Belgian army. The war was three weeks old when the censorship allowed us to know that the British force was actually in touch with the enemy on the French left in Belgium, and the first reports led everyone to believe that it had scored a success. But in a few days it was evident that the Allied armies were everywhere in retreat.

Then came the first unexpected result of the war. The fugitives from Belgium were arriving in thousands, and we were asked to cooperate in giving them hospitality. A local committee was formed, and there was an appeal for help in goods, money and personal service. There was a wonderfully generous response. Few of our people are really well off. The population is made up largely of field workers and factory hands, but even the workers agreed to subscribe something each week to the refugee fund. When some empty houses were taken to be furnished for them, in every home in the place people looked round to see what furniture they could spare as contributions to the good work. Between two and three hundred Belgians arrived in the course of a fortnight. The Belgian refugees in England represented every class of the population, and included some of its less reputable elements. In fact among the refugees from Antwerp there were the inmates of a local labor colony for tramps. But we were lucky in our Belgian colony of refugees. They were all good people, and among them were a number of wounded soldiers and officers of the army. At the Sunday Mass our little Catholic Church was almost overcrowded, and there was the new sensation of hearing the announcements of the weekly services given out from the pulpit, first in English, and then in French. The preacher at the last Mass often added a few words in French to his sermon, and on the Monday afternoon there was Benediction with a French sermon especially for the refugees. One heard French and Flemish spoken in the streets. The near reality of the war was brought home to one by seeing the convalescent wounded soldiers arrive at the church, conveyed in motor-cars from the hospital for one of the Sunday Masses. One saw the unfamiliar blue uniforms, and men on crutches or with bandaged heads, or with arms in a sling. After a while our Belgian colony began to diminish in numbers. Some of the men went back to the fighting line, others went away to find work at various places in England, but a remnant remained, and are still with us.

After the first defeats and the retreat on Paris, everyone realized that the war was going to be a long one. There came appeal after appeal for new recruits. On walls and hoardings there appeared the pictorial posters issued by the recruiting committee. Week after week one heard that this or that man had enlisted. As the limit of age was raised, old soldiers were able to go back to the service. As week-end leave was freely given from the training camps one always saw on the Sunday morning officers and soldiers in their khaki uniforms in the church. Some of them were men whom we had known as village shopkeepers or workmen, others were men from a distance, who came from some of the nearest camps. In a large park about a mile away, there was a training station for the Army Service Corps, the transport department of the army. The men were mostly from the north of England, fifty or sixty of them were marched to our church every Sunday for Mass, for in the British Army attendance at public worship on Sunday is a duty, and counts as a parade.

Before the war there had been a good deal of real poverty in the place. The general expectation was that the new state of things would make life harder for the poorer people but there was another surprise, though there was a rise in the price of food of nearly every kind, there was practically no poverty, for to those who stayed at home war work gave

plenty of employment. For instance, the rubber works, which had been started on a small scale just before the war, received large orders from the Government for motor tires, and soon more than 200 men were being employed on the work. In the same way, the huge steam-driven flour mills by the river-bank have been busy day and night. The mill once belonged to the old abbey which was suppressed at the Reformation, and in those days was driven by a single water wheel. It has gradually developed into one of the largest mills in the south of England, with a gigantic grain elevator towering on the river-bank. In the first month of the war the Government took control of it, and it has never been busier, so there is plenty of employment and besides this, very liberal allowances are made by the Government to the families of all soldiers who are either at the front or in the training camps. For the time being there is no poverty in the district. In fact, there was never more money in circulation among the workers. Instead of hardships, the war has brought them an unexpected prosperity.

But if there is no poverty there is trouble of another kind. The suburb has sent a very large proportion of its men to the army. The Catholic primary school alone has more than 150 of its former pupils at the front. There are few households in the place, which have not one or more relatives in the army, and in the year of war many of these have been killed or wounded. After every great battle we watch the casualty list anxiously for the names of those we know.

At the north end of the place on the London road, there is a huge workhouse, the English name for the refuge for the poor supported by local taxation. It provides for the poor of any of the neighboring districts, in fact for a considerable part of the County of Middlesex. Attached to it there was a large school for the workhouse children. But in the year before the war a new and wise legislation decided that these huge workhouse schools should be abolished, that the children should be boarded out in approved households and attend the local primary schools of their district, so that they would have the educating influence of normal family life, as well as that of the school. The large school buildings were therefore, in any case, to be vacated in the summer of the present year. It was decided to convert them into temporary military hospitals. The necessary funds for equipping the new hospital, about £3,000, were provided by a local subscription which included all the adjoining districts, and a month ago the first hundred wounded men arrived. There will soon be 300 beds ready for occupation, the staff is provided by the Government supplying two military surgeons and the local doctors volunteering their services. The thirty army nurses, several of them Canadians, are assisted by a volunteer staff of the ladies of the district. The wounded, who have so far arrived, are mostly Australians from the Dardanelles. Many of them are in the convalescent stage, and once more we have a new feature introduced by the war into our congregation at the Sunday Mass, for the convalescents from the hospital arrive in their blue hospital uniform.

The Government's statement of casualties in the war up to the first week of October show that in all more than 300,000 men had been wounded, mostly in the fighting on the western front. The war on this front is very near us. In southeastern England, in the county of Kent, on the days of the great battles in Flanders, the sound of the guns has been faintly heard even far inland.

In another respect, it is nearer than any other war on record, for our quiet suburb has more than once received a warning to be prepared for a Zeppelin bombardment. On these occasions, the fire brigade wait beside their engine, and stretcher parties are kept ready at the local hospital to fetch the wounded.

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

Books and Men

I

IT seems to be one of the perversities or sanities of human conceit that everybody who has read more than two or three hundred books believes he has won the privilege of talking about them. Their presence on the shelves of his library or in the recesses of his memory seems to confer that knighthood of teaching which in days of old a master's degree conferred on the scholar at Bologna or Paris. We can understand the university accolade; it was a logical and consistent thing. And a famous master was a famous book; and he spoke for himself, as a good book should. But why one should talk about books today any more than one should wonder that the cataract at Lodore obeys the laws of gravity or rejoice that one's toast at breakfast bears a close resemblance to its cousin of yesterday, we are sometimes at a loss to know. It surely cannot be that much has not been said about books. Nay, too much; and too much is surely enough, if one remembers one's mathematics at all. Far wiser might it be if from now until the end of time no one raised his voice, save it be a monstrous little one, about books or their makers, except by way of condemnation. But then, perhaps I am too obdurate; perhaps I fail to make a just concession to the love of talking for its own sake, a malady to which so many of us seem to have fallen heirs; and I forget for the moment that with so much love, much forgiveness must there be. And so, if books continue to bear the burden of an infinity of discreet and foolish sentences before infinity itself really takes up its own burden in earnest, let us smile and smile in a properly righteous egoism, and strive to "live our own lives" as unvillainously as we can.

It is so easy to write of books; so much easier, you will agree, than to omit the preposition from the aforesaid platitude or untruth, and say a credo to the remnant result. To go no further, one may write of the uses of books, if one is very patient. For they have so many more uses than the mere making of a full man. For instance, they may serve to decorate a room called a library; they are very handy things in which to press letters or flowers; they can be given to a lady we admire, when we wish to vary the monotony of the three or four other tokens of esteem which convention prescribes; they can marvelously do the work of holding up a recalcitrant window; they can render trunks heavy enough to make a baggage man forget the tablets of Sinai; they may serve as exceedingly desirable missiles for rude people to toss unlovingly at each other; they will help to kill time which otherwise might die with a more natural hesitancy; they oft-times make money for those who are conscienceless enough to write them for the indiscriminating millions; not infrequently they win fame for those who are gifted enough to write them for the conscionable handful; and one might mention ever so many more uses. But outside of being adapted to these purposes, named and unnamed, books for the most part are useless things, unless one wishes to read them; and I suppose we must be orthodox enough to admit that their availability for those who have learned to read is their main function in a world that looks for functions and motivations.

"Unless one wishes to read them." So many learned men and women have had just this sympathetic and hopeful view of their fellow-wayfarers that the advice about the magical properties of books is nigh completed; there really can be little more to add; perhaps, rather, a little to subtract. One philosopher will divide books into those that delight and those that instruct; another will chant the Iliad of the books of youth, the volumes of middle life, and the written pages due to the years of *otium cum dignitate*; Doctor Johnson will, with an eighteenth century finality, tell you that a book should teach

you either to enjoy life or to endure it. It is so hard to make those nice distinctions. Who will tell me that the Imitation of Christ, which makes me gladder to endure life, will not make you find a keener zest in living as a fine art? I am sure that I shall find a happiness in "Treasure Island" long after I am a superannuated wooer of leisure. I am certain that Cinderella and the Prince and the gracious slipper enchant me still, the grace of the dear dead days of childhood haunting me rarely like a smile of unforgettable sweetness. Then, too, it seems to me that those who enjoy reading at all will take a delight in being instructed as well as a delight in being delighted, even if the joy is different both in kind and in degree.

I have sometimes wondered with what meticulously painstaking ease certain learned gentlemen can dogmatise on the right books to read. Not the right books for the right reader: the program is not so simple as that. But our intellectual mentors lay down the rules with a definitiveness that brooks no negation that everyone must read every volume on the approved list or be classed as a very Pariah in the world of culture. They would bulk us together in an unsplendid slavery to their Olympian wills. No allowance is made for the fact that a woman is a different type of being from a man, her soul gifted with different susceptibilities and requiring a distinctive training for its development;—I am aware of leaving myself open to an accusation of ante-bellum old-fashionedness. No reckoning is made of the fact that a certain biography, for instance, may have a desirable, stimulating effect on the inertia of one youth, and serve only as a window to an engulfing *Weltschmerz* for another; and there is too often a complete blinking of the fact that a chronicle of life's meaner ways and devious whitherings may work havoc in the unsearched souls of youths and maidens. Is a man to believe that his individuality is his own, and to feel that his life is a personal possession, or must everyone cringe and compromise when some more or less irresponsible person gives the signal? It would be just as reasonable to ask if I should be keenly anxious to die of pneumonia because my friend across the square chose that eminently respectable manner for his taking off; or if I should prefer to enjoy the linked sweetness of unburdened life to the lot of the hopeless ones of Molokai. Not every green patch of lawn should crave for a sundial or a hedge border, and it would be a decidedly ill-informed Louis Seize apartment that would beg for Victorian habiliments.

So it is with literature. Of course, there are certain books that have such a universality of appeal that they touch everyone closely; but there are many others, classics, too, that are not for all. And I believe that we should hold that not every famed book, whether a Molière wrote it, or a Shakespeare, should be deemed essential to a particular individual's culture. Moreover, just as every one should not necessarily read the same books, no one, at least no one to whom books are not a profession, should read an unworthy one. In this connection I have a very pleasant remembrance of a certain European lady I used to know. We were discussing one day things of common interest, and finally, through no fault of either of us, I hope, we reached the subject of books. She had a catholic taste, and an exquisitely choice one. Once upon a time, she told me, an acquaintance of hers lent her a book, and she sat down to read it upon the first opportunity, hoping to find it good. But it was not good; it was tainted, as so many books are. "And I closed it, and flung it across the room," she said. Even now, after the lapse of seven or eight years, I can recall with distinctness the flash in her eyes as she voiced her treatment of the book that offended the dignity of her womanhood. I sometimes wonder how many women would do likewise; all, I hope; very many, I am sure. But once in a while, not often, I am glad to say, I hear a college girl speak, not without a certain intellectual vanity, of having read such a book and such a play; and I feel it a great pity that someone has so misguided her. It is on an occasion like this

that one can think most lovingly of that genial soul who knew the beauty of life and life's meaning; who loved true literature and despised the ugly counterfeits that pass as classics; and if Sidney Lanier should never be remembered for aught else than his condemnation of the vulgar and the coarse and the unclean, his life was not a fruitless toiling, nor his voice a wasted word.

JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

Woman Suffrage

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The "indignant protest" of my critic, Agnes Hull Prendergast, is quite misplaced. It should be directed against what is defended, namely, the suffragist propaganda. The fifth article in my series treating of woman suffrage rehearses some well-known phenomena within our body politic; and it was pointed out that votes-for-women could not cure these social disorders, as they do not properly fall within the scope of political activity. Besides not a few of these disorders—as divorce, birth control, etc., etc., are to the Socialist-Feminist-Suffragist signs of coming social health. Consequently it were absurd to expect that those who believe vice is virtue in the making will assist in the cure of society. No one with a keen Catholic training would suggest something worse as a cure for something bad, as the radicals do. So notwithstanding their self-election as the saviors of the world, and the vast volume of heyday words employed, the Socialist-Feminist-Suffragists are competent to make no change for the better, but only from bad to worse. Alas, so well grooved in the false philosophy of monkeydom is the popular mind, that these women born and bred to false concepts of things human may well be excused as being more sinned against than sinning. But at least Catholic women may be expected to retain their faith in the Sacrament of Marriage.

Three years have, evidently, proved too short a period for my over-warm critic to become acquainted with the genesis and the aim of the so-called progressive, or emancipated woman. Her "plain proposition" is as bereft of the facts in the case as is her understanding of suffrage phenomena bereft of that light which reveals darkness. The woman who wants the ballot because she is a tax-payer should inform herself of the simple fact that a property qualification is not now the basis of manhood suffrage. Even a poll tax as a prerequisite for voting is a thing of the past. Moreover, the party which is *out* does not vote the appropriations. Consequently the party which is *in* spends the taxes of its opponents at the polls. Everyone knows the old campaign story which helped to correct the notion that money should speak upon election day. Once upon a time in New Jersey a countryman went up to town to register. Official: "What property have you?" Citizen: "Wall I've an old mule and a cart." That being sufficient, the man voted. Next year the countryman appeared at the registrar's desk and the same question was asked: "What property have you?" Citizen: "Wall I haint got none. My old mule died and my cart broke down." The verdict was "You cannot vote." Ben Franklin would tell the story and then leave it to his audience whether the man or the mule voted.

The shop girl who wants the vote because she is discriminated against by "man-made" laws had better cease her moan for the ballot and study facts in the case, which prove that there is discrimination in her favor; and there should be and may be more benefits added to the list. The United States

Department of Labor reports (Dec. 15, 1914) that the State of New York had just passed a law reducing by six the hours of labor per week in the mercantile establishments, while without an appeal to the State the labor of thousands of women working in the skirt industry has been reduced to fifty hours per week with an increase of pay. Moreover, in a practical measure of this nature we may trust to the American Federation of Labor to view rightly the real interest of wage-earners. At its convention, a few days ago, in San Francisco this great body reasserted its opposition to the regulation of the hours of labor by law. These men have, by long years of practical experience and by study, learned that the hours of labor should be regulated upon the commercial, not upon the political field. Certainly Catholics should hark back to the days of "Merrie England" when the working day was eight hours, to those Catholic days when there were more holidays than Sundays in the year for moral and mental as well as physical refreshment.

Two instances will suffice to represent the attitude of the leading suffragists in their advocacy of evil principles and vile practices, though both names and measures could be added indefinitely. On Nov. 22, 1915, the daily papers of Boston announced the "marriage" of the editor of *The Woman's Journal*. The one-time Catholic "persisted in her ideas on suffrage," deciding that she would not sacrifice "those many things" that go with a "formal ceremony." Neither would she give up independence; nor "submerge her identity" in marriage. So the lady drafted her own ritual, keeping her own name as did Lucy Stone two generations ago. Consequently the wedding of the suffrage editor and her male assistant was as free as the mating of the birds of the air and as morally binding. The second instance is the fact that Socialist-Suffragists are without shame exploiting Helen Keller. This blind and deaf girl is, in the interest of animalistic philosophy, made to declare for "birth-control" and for the elimination of defectives. God pity them! for justice meted out were past all expressing.

Boston.

MARTHA MOORE AVERY.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In reading carefully the rather obscure article in AMERICA entitled "Right Reason the Cure" it is noticeable that amid all the high sounding phrases in which the author sets forth her objections to woman suffrage, the real basis of the demand is not even glanced at, possibly because it is not understood. The reason for the demand is exceedingly simple. Women are merely asking a voice in the government of themselves, a voice in the election of those who make laws that govern women as well as men and which women must obey. If the American theory of government is correct, that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed" then as women are governed they should give their consent through the ballot, which is the designated method in our Republic. Naturally, however, this fact appeals only to those who believe in a democratic form of government, "a government of the people, for the people, by the people." To those who believe in an aristocracy or an oligarchy, whether it be of sex or any other line of distinction, this fundamental and cardinal principle is not likely to have weight. To those on the other hand, who are sufficiently democratic to believe in a representative form of government the statement is an irrefutable argument.

The objections against woman suffrage when sifted down are in reality objections against suffrage in itself, though the opponents who so often take a superficial view of the question are not always logical enough to see it. There is scant time for replying to the article in AMERICA, but a most curious as-

sertion may be noticed, namely, "votes for women is a plank in rebellion's platform made by those who scorn Rome and condemn the moral order by presuming an independence of the sexes which right reason cannot tolerate!" "Scorn Rome!" That is a grave charge! Perhaps some kind friend will supply the author of this arraignment with a few of the woman suffrage leaflets in which Catholic bishops and priests have plainly and unhesitatingly set forth their advocacy of the cause of woman suffrage. Surely the author of "Right Reason the Cure" would not assert that they "Scorn Rome" by so doing. It may not be out of place to quote an "opinion" from one of our Catholic leaflets, given by the pastor of a prominent church in Pittsburgh, Pa. "I hope to see the day when every woman in my congregation will have the right to vote and exercise it." It may well be doubted if this well-known clergyman imagines that his hope for "Votes for women" is a "plank in rebellion's platform." Perhaps if the author would take a trip to some of our Western States where women vote, and no upheaval of the home or of the moral law has taken place, or out to New Zealand, where the late Cardinal Moran was an enthusiastic believer in the good results that had followed the granting of the franchise to women, she might possibly find her obscured vision wonderfully cleared.

Another statement in this certainly unique article may be noticed. "God put man at the head of the family and woman at the head of the home." No one dreams of contradicting the assertion that "woman is the head of the home," though in these days of fierce strife for a living, it must often be added, "if she has a home"; for it may not be irrelevant to ask what of the vast armies of women who have been forced out of the home by economic conditions? The time is passed when women's work was entirely in the home. It is there no longer and women have had to follow it, and the working woman outside of the home in the factory or store needs the ballot just as surely as does the working man, and for precisely the same reason, for her own protection.

The curious phrase, "the Socialist-Feminist-Suffragist leaders" may next be discussed. Now is it possible that the writer knows so little of the equal suffrage movement as to think all suffrage leaders are Socialists? If she does think so, she is amazingly ignorant of the matter and can know very few leaders of the movement. And suppose they are Socialists and in favor of equal political rights for women and men, what would that have to do with the justice of the cause? We do not condemn Christianity because some of its professors have held erroneous opinions. Feminist is a word which happens to be the favorite fad of the hour, but as with all other fads, both the fad and all it may happen to stand for will die the natural death of all such vagaries and do no harm to suffragists. It may be stated, however, that the great body of suffragists throughout the country are too earnest in their active work, for securing the ballot to pay any heed whatever to the so-called elusive Feminist movement, whatever it may be.

Voting is not a question of sex. Women stockholders have a voice in the organizations in which they hold stock, and if they chance by good fortune to be Catholic women, it may be doubted if they are thereby invading "the political integrity of families." Women, even Catholic women vote in their clubs, their charitable organizations but do they in consequence "condemn the moral order"? "Truth crushed to earth will rise again" and the advocates of an equal franchise for men and women, though they may be defeated at first, will triumph in the end, for the demand for the ballot is only a part of the great wave of democracy which is gradually sweeping over the world.

Philadelphia.

JANE CAMPBELL.

A M E R I C A

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What the Judge Said

WHO has not felt the tenderness of Ruth's appeal to Noemi, "in the way to return to the land of Juda"? "Whithersoever thou shalt go, I will go," she sobs, clinging to Noemi. "Where thou shalt dwell, I also will dwell. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. The land that shall receive thee dying, in the same will I die; and there will I be buried. The Lord do so and so to me and add more also, if aught but death part me and thee."

The heart readily understands the sweetness of a word, a glance, a token of affection; but the love of the chosen soul for God, transcending the deepest love of child for parent, the tenderest transports of the lover for his beloved, is too often held utter folly. A young girl hears the voice of Christ, bidding her leave all things for His dear sake. Parting from all that her innocent heart has loved most, she goes out from her father's house, to be made a dweller in a strange land. She prays, loves, adores; she ministers to His least brethren, seeing Him in the poor, the sick, the ignorant; she asks for nothing but to be allowed to serve Him; nothing does she call her own but poverty and sacrifice. The world is not worthy of her, and by the world that can never understand the love of God, she must bear to be called a fool; while her sister, the bond-slave of petty conventionality, who gladly pays her life for a cap and bells, is the favored child of a world that loves its own and hates Christ.

So has it been from the day when Christ bade those who would be perfect to give up all and follow Him. It is the true Catholic instinct that makes a mother smile through her tears when Christ calls a son or daughter to serve Him in the Way of the Counsels. The love that binds them is not broken by the parting; she knows that in the flame of the higher love of God, it is purified of all dross and made a bond unbreakable

between soul and soul. It was the blurring of this Catholic instinct, doubtless, which recently led a mother to ask a New York court to remove her daughter from the novitiate of a religious congregation. In open court the novice herself protested that she wished nothing but to be allowed to follow her vocation. "Tell your client," remarked Judge Giegerich, as he refused action, "that I think she should feel proud to have her daughter enter the convent and give herself to God, when many other young women of her age and attractiveness are giving themselves to seeking pleasure."

A short charge, but full of wisdom; may it be pondered deeply by all worldly mothers. Many a foolish woman now bitterly bewails the day on which she turned the heart of her daughter from the love of Christ to the love of the world and its ways.

Have Journalists No "Professional Conscience"?

"IS the object of your paper the furthering of the public good?" the Physician asked the Editor. "Of course," answered the latter lightly.

"Then stop the discussion in your columns of this disgraceful surgical case. Instead of securing the opinions of 'prominent doctors' on the question, say nothing about it. The controversy is doing incalculable harm. It is causing readers of your paper to meditate the commission of crimes they never would have thought of, unless the suggestion came from what you have been printing."

"If I took your advice," rejoined the Editor, "no one would read my paper. After all, I must live. A modern journalist cannot well afford a tender 'professional conscience' like that of doctors and lawyers! My position depends on my ability to gather and publish the news, and the owners of my paper determine to a large extent what the quality and quantity of that news shall be."

The foregoing conversation is not wholly "imaginary." Professor Richard Greene Moulton, moreover, in his excellent book, "The Modern Study of Literature," published not long ago, traces the worst characteristics of the press today to this same lack of a wholesome "professional feeling" among newspaper men. He writes:

For a great part of a newspaper no individual can be made responsible; what some newspapers print no decent man would put his name to. Thus by the rise of journalism a place is found in literature for what is morally outrageous; more serious still is the removal of every barrier against looseness of statement and unverified information. Worst of all is the consideration that by periodical literature a pecuniary premium is put upon unreliability and insinuation; it is the sensational headline that sells the extra, the spicy rumor that gives the society journal its vogue. And this seems to be a public wrong without a remedy. It is a very small part of the evils of life that can be corrected by the machinery of justice. We need more spiritual and subtle restraints; among these one of the most potent is professional spirit. . . . If journalists are to be seen uniting in cooperative efforts only for the promotion of newspaper enterprise, and not for effort toward the restraint of abuses, jour-

nalism would seem to be a profession without a professional conscience.

The best way of developing this highly desirable professional conscience would be, of course, to have editors and reporters receive a thorough training in Christian ethics.

Mr. Taft on Public Education

ONE of the sanest thinkers of this generation is ex-President Taft. Whenever this distinguished gentleman chooses to address the public, the public is sure to listen to a discourse which will set it thinking. The outcome may not be complete agreement with the speaker, but the thought-process will have thrown new light on some old and valuable but forgotten principle.

Mr. Taft's Rochester speech, delivered at the convention of the State Teachers' Association, is an example in point. With its deeper import, few educators will be found to disagree. The first step to the betterment of American public education is to recognize its shortcomings. The present incisive and often unjust criticism of the American school is the natural and, on the whole, beneficial reaction following the fulsome praise lavished upon it for generations. Mr. Taft does not hesitate to express his dissatisfaction with the present product of this school. Boys in England, Germany and France receive an obviously superior training. This, to be sure, must not be taken to mean that the methods suitable to these countries would be equally successful in America; yet we may well adopt the principles which secure the discipline, and thoroughness of mental training, by which these schools are in general characterized. Laxness of discipline and want of thoroughness, largely attributable to the overcrowded curriculum, are, in Mr. Taft's opinion, the most striking faults of the American school.

Reform in these matters must come from the recognition by the school itself of the importance of its mission. The wisdom of conferring larger powers on the Bureau of Education is open to serious objection. As Mr. Taft himself observes:

Under the Constitution, the Federal Government has not direct supervisory power over the educational system of the States. That is a matter which the States themselves absolutely control.

States, like men, are too apt to throw their burdens on a willing substitute. The final outcome of Federal supervision will be Federal control. States are, and should be, within their proper spheres, self-governing communities, and not mere geographical divisions.

White is Black

THE undiscerning citizen who, without questioning, takes his information from the newspapers, probably experienced some sentiment of surprise on reading that the Knights of Columbus "had perfected a plan to

unite their organization with the Masons." AMERICA holds no brief to speak for the Knights, nor in the present case is any special authorization necessary. It is obvious that these reports were written by men whose love of the startling occasionally overcomes their regard for the sober facts in the case. No Knight of Columbus can become a Mason, for the simple and immediate reason that such action is forbidden by the Church; nor can any Catholic declare that "there is nothing in Masonry irreconcilable with the teaching of the Catholic Church," for the further simple and immediate reason that the Church has declared Masonry and Catholicism irreconcilable. The Knights are doing an excellent work by their numerous lecture bureaus; and none know better than they that the strength of their cause depends upon their absolute fidelity to Catholic sentiment and principle.

Here the matter may rest. Any movement, public or private, which brings about a better understanding between all members of the community will be welcomed by Catholics as by all good citizens. One provision, however, must be noted. Catholics will not, cannot, have part in any "movement" which involves the compromise or abandonment of a fundamental principle. Once admit that two plus two make five, or that white is black, and the reign of reason has come to an end. The "better understanding" that is based on a falsehood can only lead to confusion worse confounded.

The Law and the Lawless

THE excellently advertised Paterson "trial of free speech," in which the I. W. W. assumed a leading rôle, has ended with the judicial declaration that the State was unable to prove its case. The trial, as all acquainted with the facts are aware, was singularly misnamed. In no sense was the right of free speech called in question. The defendant had been indicted not for the use but for the abuse of a constitutional right. The indictment alleged that the defendant had publicly incited to disorder and riot. If free speech confers this privilege, the sooner the State revokes the constitutional clause upon which it is based, the longer will be the term of civilization.

One point worthy of note is the insistence with which the lawless, when brought to book, are wont to urge their "lawful" rights. The I. W. W. now announces, through an official, that it "will get injunctions restraining the police from interfering so long as we are within our legal rights." An excellent plan; but it will hardly swell the membership of this benevolent institution. To the "wild and woolly" existing in all large communities, as well as to the misguided who would speed the law by taking its execution into their own hands, this cheaply picturesque organization has always offered a certain degree of attractiveness. Cramped and confined within the bounds of legal restraint, it will become as innocu-

ous as an Old Ladies' Sewing Circle. One may now look to see the I. W. W. engaged in real constructive work for the amelioration of the poor, by allying itself with a Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, or the Associated Charities.

Charity or Philanthropy?

CHRISTMAS is fast approaching. The Christ Child stands knocking at the door of our heart. We shall doubtless wish to remember Him in His poor. "As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me." But our alms must be given according to piety and prudence, not after the prudence of the world, but after the wisdom of Christ. Where, therefore, we do not ourselves directly dispose of our offerings, they should be distributed through Catholic organizations established for this purpose. There are many reasons for insistence upon this principle. In the first place, money thus given will not be absorbed by an army of salaried officials who often receive the lion's share of alms given to "scientific" philanthropic societies. Philanthropy is a business with these people. They have prior claim, though the poor should receive only the leavings. The proposed condition that the cost of administration for such organizations should not exceed sixty per cent is made by a social writer as a conservative demand. Some social workers are, in fact, mere parasites. Catholics, on the other hand, have for their excellent almoners the St. Vincent de Paul councils of their own parishes, the local Christ Child Society, and other parish or diocesan organizations and institutions. Practically every cent given will thus reach the poor, instead of making a short circuit into the pockets of a legion of paid officials.

It must also be remembered that the mere offering of a gift is the smallest good accomplished by Catholic charity. There is likewise a spiritual benefit to be attained both on the part of the giver and of the recipient of the favor. The Vincentian investigator and the Christ Child visitor bring into the homes of the poor far more than mere wealth can bestow. The love of God is the sole motive that inspires these devoted men and women, as likewise the Brothers and Sisters who sacrifice their lives for Catholic charity. To communicate this same love to others in the greatest richness is their first and ultimate purpose. Here, then, is the essential distinction between Christian charity and secular philanthropy.

There is a third reason why Catholics should distribute their alms through Catholic agents. Our own people will not be discriminated against, as is likely to be the case, in particular, where donations are sent to a great distance. In urging this consideration the *Ave Maria* recalls to mind the Armenian collections made some years ago in England and the United States, when Catholic Armenians were almost entirely excluded from any share

in the alms. It would be easy to quote similar instances nearer home or of more recent date.

The Church has ever been the great almoner of the world. It is out of her hands that our Catholic charities should be distributed where they are not personally given. It is thus they will reach farthest, will accomplish a two-fold good, and will bring due assistance to those most intimately dependent upon us. We have our poor at home; our poor afar, as in distressed Poland; and our poor in the starving Catholic missions praying for help lest they perish. Those without the fold are not overlooked, but Catholic charity will wisely remember in all things what is right and proper and well pleasing in the sight of our common Father.

LITERATURE

XV—Dante Alighieri

ALIGHERIUS noster est: "Dante belongs to us." When our Holy Father Pope Benedict XV wrote these words last spring in his letter to the Archbishop of Ravenna formally sanctioning the celebration of the six hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Dante's birth, he proclaimed to the world at large that the Catholic Church claims Dante Alighieri as its very own. And well it may! No man ever expounded the Faith of the Church more certainly, no man ever pinned his hopes to the Church with more confidence, no man ever loved the Church more passionately than Dante.

None but a Catholic can appreciate Dante. This in spite of the many non-Catholics who have commented or translated his works. I can hear some of his most devoted admirers in England and America protest indignantly against this assertion. They protest quite honestly, for it is impossible for them to know how much of Dante they miss through their ignorance of the Catholic Faith. Really to know Dante involves intimate knowledge of the doctrines, the history, the traditions, the language, the art and the ritual of the Catholic Church. Really to love Dante one must love the Catholic Church as he loved it. The non-Catholic may admire; he cannot love. To the devout and educated Catholic Dante's works can easily become a book of devotion, second only to the Bible.

To appreciate Dante as a poet one must know Italian, for such verse as his cannot be translated without losing its music. The very best of the translations do but give the kind of shadow of its beauty that a fine engraving gives of the Sistine Madonna: the form and the lines are there, but all the color is gone. Yet it is better to have an engraving than never to have seen the picture at all. So it is better to read Dante in a translation than never to read him at all. This from the esthetic standpoint. Dante, however, is far more than a poet, and if one lose the music of his unequalled verses when reading them in English, one may still be overwhelmed by the majesty of his thought; fascinated by the wealth of lore he brings to the story of that most romantic of centuries, the thirteenth; one may still admire the clean-cut cameos in which he presents the host of actors in that tremendous moving-picture of this world and the world beyond the grave; one may still learn the secrets of the human soul from this great psychologist, keen metaphysician, severely orthodox theologian. I venture to say that never was theology presented to mankind more lucidly and in more attractive form than by Dante. Often from a few lines of the "Purgatorio" or the "Paradiso" one gets a clearer understanding of the truths of the Christian Faith than one could get by reading many tomes by the Doctors of the Church.

Ignorance of the teaching of the Church has led well-meaning

men into the strangest of wanderings and floundering. Some of them have wrenched certain passages of the "Divina Commedia" away from their context and twisted them into arguments to show that Dante was a rebel against the Church, a sort of John the Baptist to Luther and Calvin. Non-Catholic commentators are fond, for example, of pointing to his terrible pictures of the damned souls of men who in life had sat in Peter's chair as arguments against the infallibility of the Pope, thereby merely advertising their ignorance of the dogma of infallibility. And they derive a malicious delight from quoting Dante's anathemas against corrupt cardinals, monks and priests, thereby proving that they have never read the lives of Gregory VII and St. Peter Damian.

The Catholic who knows and loves his Faith shudders as he reads such passages as these. Dante meant that he should shudder. As the poet brings home to him the terrors of the tempests through which the bark of St. Peter was passing in Dante's days, it makes him realize, if he never realized it before, that this bark could not have weathered such storms and come in safety to the calmer seas of today if it had not been that the Divine Captain kept his post upon the bridge, as He had promised at her launching: "Behold I am with you all days even unto the consummation of the world."

But the works of Dante are to be read and interpreted as a whole, not in or by isolated passages torn from their context. To read Dante aright and get the meaning of the allegory that he develops, one must begin with the "Vita Nuova." I scarcely dare suggest that the average reader continue with the "Convito," for this is hard reading even to the devotee, but he should at least read a synopsis of it, which can be done in a couple of hours. And he should read also the letter to Can Grande della Scala. Then he can go on to complete enjoyment of the glories of the "Divina Commedia."

The Catholic needs but a hint to see the allegorical meaning of it all and to interpret it along the lines that Dante indicates in the letter to Can Grande. The poet is giving us a symbolic picture of the human soul. In the "Vita Nuova" we see it in a state of innocence, as it came pure and fresh from the hands of God. In the "Convito" we see it wandering away from the right path, losing itself in the dark wood of strange philosophies and pseudo-scientific speculation. The "Inferno" shows it to us in all the hideous horror of the state of sin and terrified at its own ugliness. The "Purgatorio" places it before us contrite and purging itself from the stains of sin. And in the "Paradiso" we have the apotheosis of the soul redeemed and blessed and glorified.

Dante himself personifies the human soul. Virgil is the light of human wisdom; Beatrice is Divine Grace. Divine Grace moves human wisdom to show man the ugliness of sin and to lead him to repentance. Having done this, human wisdom can go no further, and Divine Grace takes man by the hand and leads him on to the knowledge and love of God. This is a sketchy outline of the allegory of Dante's works, the noblest allegory ever penned by man.

And with it all is the love story, the romance, the idyl! With a pure devotion that was the inspiration of his life and his works, Dante adored the lovely maiden who was torn from him so early by death. And never did poet or lover exalt his lady as Beatrice was exalted by Dante. Others have idealized their ladies; Dante made of his not merely an ideal, but *the* Ideal, and finally sang her as the personification of Divine Grace, the handmaid of Mary. Other poets have gone into raptures over their ladies' eyes; Dante makes Beatrice's eyes the mirror of heaven itself, into which he gazes to see the reflection of God's face. Verily he "said of her what had never been said of woman."

A great Italian critic has laid it down that Dante was a poet but not an artist. In this he was wrong, and one need not know

Italian to perceive the consummate art with which the poet weaves his plots and designs his pictures. Only a great artist could paint such tremendous portraits with so few strokes. I think that Dante rises to his highest as an artist in telling us how he saw God. Other poets have described God; Milton, for instance. But Milton's God is nothing more than a great Indian chief. I thank Dr. Condé Pallen for that apt simile! Dante sees God as a point, an infinite point; but the whole universe revolves around this point; from it the heavens and earth receive their light. And we, as we gaze with him in awe at that dazzling point, feel the utter insignificance of everything else in the universe.

Dante, like Homer, rarely describes. He shows us an action; he flashes an apt simile upon the screen; he quotes what is said. With these methods he makes us see and hear and feel. One cannot read him rapidly; he is so concise and so suggestive that every line rouses a train of thought. And if this be not art I know not what art may be.

The Catholic trying to explain to inquiring Protestants such ill-understood dogmas as purgatory, the honor paid to the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Saints, prayers for the dead, confession and absolution, to say nothing of such matters as faith, hope and charity, can point to passages in the "Divine Comedy" that will make them clearer to the mind honestly desirous to understand than any other writings I know. And Dante's theology is that of St. Thomas Aquinas, pure and unadulterated. For these reasons I should place the works of Dante not on the Catholic's bookshelf but rather upon his parlor table.

ARTHUR BENINGTON.

REVIEWS

Heart of Europe. By RALPH ADAMS CRAM, Litt.D., LL.D. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

Fountains of Papal Rome. By MRS. CHARLES MACVEAGH. Illustrations Drawn and Engraved on Wood by RUDOLPH RUZICKA. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

Here are two volumes that will appeal to lovers of Catholic art. The "Heart of Europe," according to Dr. Cram, is a region extending 350 miles from the Alps to the sea, and about 250 miles from the Seine at Paris to the Rhine at Cologne. It is a district only half the size of Texas, but in it "more history was made and recorded in old monuments full of grace and grandeur than in almost any other region of the world." About Flanders in particular, which has played so prominent a part in Europe's long drama, the author writes with infectious enthusiasm. He entertains no illusions regarding the "darkness" of the Middle Ages. "The Renaissance and the Reformation," he writes, "together had extinguished both civilization and culture over the greater part of Europe," and, in his opinion,

The great and triumphal progress from Jumièges through Noyon, Senlis, St. Denis, Laon, Paris, Amiens, to its final achievement at Reims, was a complete and visible record of the greatest and most headlong advance toward the real things in Christian civilization by means of the real things in Christian civilization history has ever recorded.

The Cathedral of Reims Dr. Cram considered the noblest church in Christendom, and the Cloth Hall of Ypres perhaps the finest secular building, so his grief at their destruction is intense. The tribute he pays Margaret of Malines and the Catholic spirit of her times, the glowing description he gives of Hubert Van Eyck's "Adoration of the Lamb," "which very well may be the greatest picture in the world," and the pages he writes about tapestries are among the best portions of the book. Dr. Cram's admiration for Jesuits, whom he regards as "the first incarnation of that 'efficiency' that in the end became the obsession of the world

and the root of the war," is very moderate. He seems to think the Pope should have taken sides in the present conflict, and in one place he speaks of the "sacrament of the mass," a curious expression for a Ritualist. The "Heart of Europe" is a beautiful, finely illustrated book which no one could have written unless he loved and appreciated the Middle Ages as much as does Dr. Cram.

For those visitors to the Eternal City whose delicate health forbids their haunting galleries, churches and catacombs, the author of "Fountains of Papal Rome" has arranged an art-lover's pilgrimage in the open air and in the broad sunshine. She describes carefully a score of the beautiful fountains with which the Popes adorned their capital and as she walks along favors her readers with a vast deal of court gossip about the Renaissance Popes and their immediate successors, some of which may be true and some of which should be prudently doubted. Mrs. Macveagh is a better authority, no doubt, on what is admirable in a fifteenth-century Roman fountain than she is regarding the private life, say, of Paul III.

W. D.

Plashers Mead. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. New York: Harper and Bros. \$1.35.

Amid the welter of latter-day books and their makers we have before this hailed with delight the appearance of one maker of literature in the person of Mr. Compton Mackenzie. His earlier productions we have been obliged, for obvious reasons, to accept with some qualification. "Plashers Mead," however, stands free of all objectionable features, and we may speak its praises freely. Out of the pages of "Sinister Street" the author has taken his student-poet Guy Hazelwood, and has woven around him the delectable story of youth and love; not the tortuous ardors of his other books, but the love of freshness and innocence. For Guy and Pauline are precisely etherialized children, moving and meeting together in the rich halo created by their own unspoiled imaginations. This is the whole story. There is no action, unless in Aristotle's sense of the word. It is not a romance, but an idyl, as splendid in its haze of fancy as if the very "Thalouisia" of Theocritus were its prototype. This indeed is the distinctive charm of all Mr. Mackenzie's books. He succeeds in wrapping every detail and every incident in a golden and glorified mist where life seems stilled as if by a mirage or enchantment. It was so in the Oxford scenes in "Sinister Street;" it is the same color intensified and laid on with a surer stroke in "Plashers Mead." The white December scene in the snowy fields near Wychford Abbey where "the robin still sang his rather pensive tune; and from a high ash-bough, a missel-thrush, wearing full ermine, saluted the vestal day," is an instance of this idealizing imagination that clings in the mind of the reader. Surely if there is any sense of pure literature left in the world, if we have not all grown to be mere devotees of "efficiency," or mere rhetoricians, Mr. Mackenzie should win a conspicuous place on our bookshelves among the creators of fiction of our times.

C. F.

The Spell of Belgium. By ISABEL ANDERSON. Boston: The Page Company. \$2.50.

Memories of India. By Sir ROBERT BADEN-POWELL, K.C.B. Philadelphia: David McKay. \$3.50.

Belgium for centuries in one way or another has held the interest of the world. Rubens and Van Eyck have spoken gloriously, and with them their country has spoken too, casting its spell over the world. Since the Great War hearts have gone out to Belgium, and Mrs. Anderson's book will find many eager readers. For it is both a history and an appreciation. The historical part is thoroughly done in a pleasing style, while the appreciation is a sincere tribute

from one who lived among the Belgians long enough to learn their characteristics well. There is scarcely a phase of national life that the author has not treated. Her chapter on the system of voting and her version of the legends of Antwerp form a very attractive section in the story. The closing chapter, entitled a "Last Word," brings the reader up to the present bitter hour in Belgium's history. There is a map of Belgium in the beginning, and more than fifty excellent illustrations are scattered throughout the volume.

Going to India as a young subaltern, the present British General sent back to his mother, in letter after letter, his impressions of the land of sun and sorrow. This fine volume is built upon those letters, which the writer modestly asserts only a mother would have saved. The "Memories" are replete with interest, vividly painting events of a few decades ago, set down in writing just as they occurred, retelling anecdotes of camp-fire and mess-hall, recalling the pleasures of the sportsman and the sufferings of the soldier. The General's story of the Afghan War in 1880 is especially well told. It was his first touch with the firing line and his introduction to the Ghazis, who dress in white and refuse to take food or cut their hair until they have killed the pale-face unbeliever. How the Berkshire Regiment perished to a man in covering the retreat of the outnumbered British forces is described as only a soldier could put it:

They made their last stand at a long, low, mud wall. It was at this spot that one of the men waved his hand cheerily to the horse artillery getting their guns away, and cried that historic farewell: "Good luck to you. It's all up with the bally old Berkshires!" They were all killed here and the shortest way of burying them was to throw down the wall on top of them.

Hunting the wild boar, big-game shooting, polo, regimental, theatrical and social functions follow along in interesting procession through these pages. Then comes the sterner phase of army life when the tribes are out and the excitement of war is upon the land. For in India "every star pales before the sun of war." The volume is enriched with twenty-four illustrations in color and 100 in black and white by the author.

G. C. T.

John Bannister Tabb. By M. S. PINE. Washington: Georgetown Visitation Convent: New York: Munder-Thomson Co. \$1.10.

This little book is a delicate appreciation of one whose work and value are a thing apart, unshadowed by rival or even parallel achievement. Father Tabb was preeminently a jeweller in verse. Each of his productions shines with a light all its own. And only when the last line has fallen does the delight of his tiny marvels of structure and lyric dawn upon us. This is made clear in the volume under review. The poet's life work is carefully sketched and the quotation of many of his best quatrains with a discerning commentary gives an excellent prospectus of his genius and the resources of his fancy. That the tense-faced priest could indulge in humor we discover in the dedication of his synopsis of grammar "To My Pupils, Active and Passive, Perfect and Imperfect, Past, Present, and Future." Yet the same writer wonderfully epitomizes the Divine condescension in the redemption by picturing the Child Christ seeking the round earth as a ball which had been lost. There is concentration of thought and expression in the poem which pictures the trees whispering to each other as Christ passes cross-laden to Calvary:

Behold the Gardener is He
Of Eden and Gethsemane.

Not the least delightful feature in the little work is the biography which is, indeed, carried through the whole volume

taking us from early adventurous days of Confederate service of capture and imprisonment up to the melancholy but brave years of blindness which crowned and closed Father Tabb's life.

T. B. C.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Those who followed the six well-reasoned papers that Mrs. Martha Moore Avery recently contributed to *AMERICA* will doubtless be interested to learn that the articles have been gathered into the current number of the *Catholic Mind*, and "E. C.'s" pertinent questions to the Catholic suffragist are added. This issue of the little fortnightly is a well-stored arsenal of arguments against Feminism.

The *Bookman's* list of the six novels most in demand during October names these: "Michael O'Halloran," "Felix O'Day," "K," "The Money Master," "The Heart of the Sunset" and "The Story of Julia Page." All but the fifth have already been noticed in *AMERICA*: the first two with commendation, the third and fourth with faint praise, and the last with a good word for much of the book, but with the expressed hope that Kathleen Norris would leave "uplift" and "single standard" themes to others. Regarding "The Heart of the Sunset," Rex Beach's "latest," its central figure is one of those Texas rangers who are now infesting "best sellers" so fiercely. Besides the usual descriptions of "gun-play" there is a sympathetic account of a married woman with two suitors, one of whom she accepts some time before her husband is conveniently murdered. The obliging Father O'Malley doubtless had a batch of dispensations for the marriage he performed. No matter how demoralizing is the trash this author writes, he can be sure, apparently, that it will be eagerly read by thousands.

"What shall I get Mildred for a present?" "Why not give her a book?" "She has a book already." That dialogue may express the perplexity just now of many a Christmas shopper. If it is thought, however, that Mildred or her friends and relatives could stand at least one book more, the question at once arises: What shall I buy them? Perhaps it would not be safe to offer anyone nowadays copies of the "good old books," for a work to be acceptable must not be more than a year old. In that case, we need only run back through the literary pages of *AMERICA*, where a wide choice of excellent books for Catholic readers may be found. For instance:

In poetry: Books by Mr. Kilmer, Father Hill, Dr. Palen, Mr. Walsh, Katherine Tynan, Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Johnson's Dante. In biography and history: Lady Moreton's "A Playmate of Philip II," Father Campbell's two volumes of "Pioneer Laymen," Dr. Emmet's "Thomas Addis Emmet," Father Grisar's "Luther," Dr. Mann's "Innocent III," Father Laveille's "Life of Father De Smet," E. G. Smith's "St. Clare of Assisi," Cunningham Graham's "Bernal Diaz de Castillo," H. Belloc's "Lingard" and his "High Lights of the French Revolution," Father McCaffrey's "History of the Catholic Church from the Renaissance to the French Revolution," Father O'Neil's "Legenda Aurea," Dr. Walsh's "The Popes and Science," Father Engelhardt's "Missions and Missionaries of California," and Mr. Winter's "Memories." In travel: F. D. Little's "Sketches in Poland," Mrs. Fraser's "Storied Italy," H. Belloc's "The Path to Rome," E. N. Vose's "Spell of Flanders," C. A. Mason's "The Spell of Southern Shores," "The Vatican: Its History and Treasures," E. W. Rose's "Cathedrals and Cloisters of Northern France." In fiction: the latest novels of John Ayscough, Mgr. Benson, Canon Sheehan, H. S. Harrison, Leslie Moore, Christian Reid, and F. Hopkinson Smith. In asceticism and apologetics: Father Hill's "The Catholic's Ready Answer," Father Maturin's works, Father Finlay's "The Church of Christ," Jane Erskine Stuart's "The Society of the Sacred Heart," Father Kane's "From Fetters to Freedom," E. T. Watkin's "Catholic Apologetics," Father Phelan's "The Straight Path," and

Father Martindale's "The Goddess of Ghosts." To the foregoing might be added Henri Fabre's excellent studies of bees, Professor Moultons's "Modern Study of Literature," "The Library of Irish Literature," "Russian Fairy Tales," "Hero Tales of Serbia," and other books that have been favorably noticed during the past year in *AMERICA*.

A perusal of "Books and Authors" and "Books Received" in the present and in preceding numbers of this paper may also show the proper book to give a relative or friend. The children's books that have appeared during the past year are too numerous to name. Many of these volumes were not needed at all. It is better that boys and girls who are old enough should read the standard authors of the last century: Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Ruskin, Lamb, etc., than the predigested books of today.

The January issue of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, which has recently appeared, is both the Christmas and the Jubilee number, for in 1916 the magazine will observe its fiftieth birthday. The present number, of which 315,000 copies will be circulated, is bright with new pictures in color and contains, besides its usual features, a sketch of "The Messenger's Fifty Years" and a letter of congratulation from the Cardinal Secretary of State who writes in the name of the Holy Father.—*Scribner's* for December has more of a Catholic aroma about it than is usual nowadays with secular magazines. The author of "Mary Shepherdess," the verses that open the number, sings:

When the heron's in the high wood and the last long furrow's sown,
With the herded cloud before her 'and and her sea-sweet raiment blown,
Comes Mary, Mary Shepherdess, a-seeking for her own.

Saint James he calls the righteous folk, Saint John he calls the kind,
Saint Peter calls the valiant men all to loose or bind.
But Mary seeks the little souls that are so hard to find.

If I had a little maid to turn my tears away,
If I had a little lad to lead me when I'm gray,
All to Mary Shepherdess they'd fold their hands and pray.

"M. le Curé's Lunch-Party" is a sympathetic study of a French priest, and "Jeanne, the Maid," "The First-Born," and "The Medicine Ship" are good stories, but Edith Wharton's sage remark in "Coming Home" that "Convents do not educate for character" will hardly be accepted as final. The creator of Undine Spragg cannot speak with authority on the shortcomings of Catholic education.

"In Christmas Candles," (Holt, \$1.50) Elsie Hobart Carter has given us an excellent collection of twelve short plays with which to fill a night or two of the Christmas holidays. Both the little children and the older are set entertaining their parents and other spectators, and the effects of Christian principles are well brought out. The little ones teach charity, obedience, the joy of a large family, and the wealthy man's duty towards the poor. Perhaps this book contains the very play the Catholic teacher is looking for.—A book like "Great Authors in their Youth," (Holt, \$1.25) by Maude Morrison Frank, is very welcome these days, when every effort should be made to bring back to the young reader's table such writers as Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Stevenson, Tennyson, and Ruskin.

Jeffrey Farnol's "Beltane the Smith" (Little, Brown, \$1.35), is just the story we might expect from the author of "The Broad Highway." It has the same delicacy of expression, the same scrupulous care of detail, the same fondness for

the things of nature, and the same disregard for ordinary conventions. Beltane is a knight fit for the round table of Arthur, and the story is the record of his struggle to cope with evil and to right wrong and of the searing of his heart and its final healing through a great and pure love. Perhaps it is too long and overladen with incidents; the undertone of lustfulness, although always as a thing to be detested and at last visited with condign punishment, has too great a prominence. It is a book, however, that holds wickedness up to scorn, and in so far as is to be praised.—In "These Twain" (Doran, \$1.50) the concluding volume of the Clayhanger trilogy, Arnold Bennett describes through 543 leisurely pages the early married life of Edwin and Hilda, which consisted of a succession of quarrels and reconciliations. As this author is most at home when he is writing about the little details, sordid and otherwise, of life in the Five Towns, "These Twain" is a thoroughly characteristic novel.

Those who read years ago Frances Hodgson Burnett's discerning memory of the mind of a child, "The One I Knew the Best of All," (Scribner's, \$1.25) will gladly learn that a new edition for which the author has written a foreword has just been issued. If the reader will recall that choice bit of autobiography he will appreciate the peculiar fitness of Mrs. Burnett to write just such a story as "The Lost Prince," (Century, \$1.35) her newest work. For the romantic realism of her own childhood's joys and hardships have made her realistically romantic in her charming tale of the Prince of Samavia, who one day left his native country, singing in the morning sunshine. The story of an interesting five hundred years until the day the Prince is restored in the person of one of his descendants is all told with a delicacy of imagination, an appeal to the feelings, a simplicity of language that have become associated with Mrs. Burnett's name. One of her delights must be that she can write stories for the young that only the old can fully understand. Either of the present books should prove an attractive and welcome Christmas gift, either for a child, or for the grown-up who has vivid recollections of childhood's days.

The Catholic Foreign Missionary Society of America, Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y., has out a new volume of "Field Afar Tales" (\$0.60) gathered from that bright little monthly. The two score stories in the book were, for the most part, written by Father John Wakefield, or by "a Teresian of Maryknoll," and bear more or less on the life or vocation of the Catholic missionary. The book with its sixteen interesting pictures, if placed in the proper hands, might make some new aspirants to Maryknoll.—"St. Monica" (Herder, \$0.30) is the latest volume to appear of F. A. Forbes' "Standard-Bearers of the Faith" series, former numbers of which have been favorably noticed in AMERICA. The story of the renowned mother who thought she had lost her son forever when he went to Rome, though the issue of that journey was what really restored him to her, is engagingly told by the author, but the little book's three pictures do not illustrate the text very well.

BOOKS RECEIVED

American Publishing Co., Chicago:

Socialism, Feminism, and Suffragism, the Terrible Triplets. By B. V. Hubbard. \$1.25.

The Ave Maria, Notre Dame:

The Secret Bequest. By Christian Reid. \$1.25.

Benziger Brothers, New York:

The Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Conformable to the Recent Pontifical Decrees. And the Office of the Dead, in Latin and English. \$0.75; The Camp by Copper River. By Rev. Henry S. Spalding, S.J. \$0.85; The New Missal in English. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. \$1.50 to \$3.25.

Gabriel Beauchesne, Paris:

Dictionnaire Apologetique de la Foi Catholique. Fascicule XI. Jesuites-Juifs. Quatrième Edition entièrement refondue. Sous la Direction de A. d'Alès.

Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Washington:

For Better Relations with Our Latin American Neighbors: a Journey to South America. By Robert Bacon.

The Cameo Press, New York:

The Cup of Comus: Fact and Fancy. By Madison Cawein.

At The Clarendon Press, Oxford:

Louvain (891-1914). Par L. Noël. Three shillings, six pence.

George H. Doran Co., New York:

Kings, Queens and Pawns. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. \$1.50.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City:

The Drama League Series of Plays, Vol. XII. The Trail of the Torch. By Paul Hervieu. Translated by John Alan Haughton; Vol. XIII. A Woman's Way. By Thompson Buchanan. \$0.75 each; "The American Books." Cost of Living. By Fabian Franklin. \$1.00.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:

The Undying Story. By W. Douglas Newton. \$1.35; The Log of the Ark. By Noah. \$1.00; Aladore. By Henry Newbolt. \$1.50.

Duffield & Co., New York:

The Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent. By John Erskine, Ph.D. \$1.00.

Diederich-Schaefer Co., Milwaukee:

Max of the North. By Magnus A. Bruce. \$1.25.

Harper & Brothers, New York:

Around Old Chester. By Margaret Deland. \$1.35.

B. Herder, St. Louis:

The New Pelagianism. By J. Herbert Williams. \$0.70; The Life of St. Monica. By F. A. Forbes. \$0.30; A Short History of Germany: from the Earliest Times to the Year 1913. By Francis M. Schirp, Ph.D. \$1.00; A Study in Socialism. By Benedict Elder. \$1.00; Homilies on All the Sunday Gospels of the Ecclesiastical Year. By the Rev. Gaetano Finco. Translated from the Second Italian Edition. By Edmund M. Dunne, D.D. \$1.00; Is Schism Lawful? A Study in Primitive Ecclesiology with Special Reference to the Question of Schism. By Rev. Edward Maguire. \$1.80; The Roman Index of Forbidden Books. Fourth Edition Enlarged. By Francis S. Betten, S.J. \$0.35; The Catholic Faith. By Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.S.S.R. \$0.15.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:

Christianity and Politics. By William Cunningham, D.D., F.B.A. \$1.50; Battleground Adventures. The Stories of Dwellers on the Scenes of Conflict in Some of the Most Notable Battles of the Civil War. Collected in Personal Interviews. By Clifton Johnson. \$2.00; Reminiscences. By Lyman Abbott. \$3.50; India and Its Faiths: A Traveler's Record. By James Bissett Pratt, Ph.D. \$4.00; Travels in Alaska. By John Muir. \$2.50.

Henry Holt & Co., New York:

Christmas Candles: Plays for Boys and Girls. By Elsie Hobart Carter. \$1.50; Great Authors in Their Youth. By Maude Morrison Frank. \$1.25.

H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia:

The Little Ambassadors. By Henriette Eugenie Delamare. \$0.75.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:

The Sequel to Catholic Emancipation. (1830-1850.) Vols. I and II. By Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bernard Ward. \$6.00; The Book of the Thin Red Line. By Sir Henry Newbolt. \$1.50; The Sweet Miracle. By Eca de Queiroz. Translated by Edgar Prestage. \$0.40.

The Little Company of Mary, Chicago:

The Path of Mary. Sixth Edition. "Our Lady's Little Library Series."

John Lane Co., New York:

The Dream of Gerontius. By John Henry Cardinal Newman. \$1.25.

Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston:

Christmas in Legend and Story: A Book for Boys and Girls. Compiled by the Misses Elva S. Smith and Alice I. Hazeltine. \$1.50; The Story-Teller. By Maud Lindsay. \$1.00.

Moffat, Yard & Co., New York:

Drink and Be Sober. By Vance Thompson. \$1.00.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:

Spindrift: Salt from the Ocean of English Prose. Edited by Geoffrey Callender, M.A. \$1.00.

Reilly & Britton Co., Chicago:

Darby O'Gill and the Good People. By Herminie Templeton Kavanagh. \$1.25.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:

The Meaning of Education: Contributions to a Philosophy of Education. By Nicholas Murray Butler. \$1.50; Fighting France. By Edith Wharton. \$1.00.

Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York:

Medieval Italy During a Thousand Years (305-1313). By H. B. Cotterill. \$2.50.

Sturgis & Walton Co., New York:

Joyful Star: Indian Stories for Camp Fire Girls. By Emelyn Newcomb Partridge. \$1.25.

University of California Press, Berkeley:

Notes sur le Voyage de Chateaubriand en Amérique (Juillet-Décembre, 1791). Par Gilbert Chinard. \$0.80.

Joseph F. Wagner Co., New York:

A Manual of Apologetics. By the Rev. F. J. Koch. Translated from the Revised German Edition by A. M. Buchanan, M.A. (London.) Revised and Edited by Rev. Charles Bruhl, D.D. \$0.75.

World Book Co., Yonkers-on-Hudson:

Government and Politics of the German Empire. By Fritz-Konrad Kruger, M.A. \$1.20.

EDUCATION

Fractious Johnny

ON page 938 of the twenty-seventh volume of his monumental work, "The Child and His Ways" (Braunschweig: Leipzig, 1911), Bunscheider remarks that "the modern school child is fractious." As his best friends must allow, Bunscheider too often speaks in a tone of voice and from a point of view; but in the present instance, the noted scholar has based his conclusion upon a foundation of solid, very solid, fact, laid down with precision in the preceding volumes of his *opus magnum*. The objectivity of Bunscheider's work has never, to my knowledge, been called in question. As a diligent, discerning seeker and recorder of facts, he has no peer; yet in tracing facts to their origin, it can hardly be said that he has won the success by which his labors in the particular field which he has made his own have been crowned.

A COMMON SENSE DIAGNOSIS

Bunscheider recognizes that this "fractiousness" may be due to many and varied causes; causes that are physical and causes which on psychiatric analysis may be found rooted in a past or present psychogenesis. Rightly, however, does the eminent German enlarge on the futility of seeking, within the remoter psychologic areas the genesis of a fractiousness which obviously hangs upon physical causality. Apart from the fact that strife must form part of the life of every normal child, since every child, by a biologic law, must reproduce the life-history of the race, Bunscheider with a common-sense as rare in the specialist as it is refreshing, insists that the most patent elements of causality are often the last to be noted.

PSYCHIC CAUSES

Thus, for instance, a very common cause of fractiousness may be found in the fact that the pupil is shedding his milk-teeth; a phenomenon often accompanied by a rise in temperature and a corresponding failure to coordinate self and non-self. Again, adenoids, acting directly upon the pneumogastric nerve will set up disorders which may readily and almost unconsciously be translated into the sphere of an outward anti-social conduct. With these canons of common-sense premised, Bunscheider proceeds to place the most frequent cause of fractiousness in school children in "the presence of any psychic constitutional infirmity." After discussing Koch's *Psychopathische Minderwertigkeiten* and the valuable monograph of Rittershaus *Zur psychologischen Differentialdiagnose der einzelnen Epilepsieformen*, Bunscheider formulates a description of this condition, which, although he has approached the question from a totally different angle, almost coincides with the description given by Kahlbaum, Bonhoeffer and Healy.

Psychic constitutional inferiority may be recognized by chronic abnormal social and mental reactions to the ordinary conditions of life on the part of one who cannot be classed in any of the groups of the insanities, neuroses, or mental defectives. The individual generally shows physical anomalies either structural or functional.

"Chronic abnormal social and mental reactions to the ordinary conditions of life." The happy line describes our fractious Johnny, Johnny throwing a spit-ball, Johnny dropping his books with a sharp thud, Johnny in general disorder, to an ultimate eyelash. Truly, in his insistence upon due regard for the physical causality of fractiousness, Bunscheider utters a needed protest against the animistic school whose nebulous vagaries have given an almost fatal turn to many modern discussions of this very practical subject.

TWO NEGLECTED CAUSES

Yet for all his twenty-seven volumes, our learned author has strangely overlooked two factors which, in the United States at least, may be classed as palmary causes of the increase of fractiousness among school children. The first of these factors is "the fool curriculum"; the second is "the fool parent." If the epithet of the second phrase offends, "fond" may be substituted; in modern acceptance, it is a fair synonym. The matter is not weighty; for "the fond parent" shall have no place in this discussion. Space, despite Kant, has limits; we do not care to imitate Bunscheider and his perilous example of twenty-seven volumes. Let us then examine the matter of Johnny and the "fool curriculum" and fractiousness.

Johnny goes to school to work; such at least is the popular presumption, and it is so often verified that it may be considered as an hypothesis, albeit somewhat totty. From this totty hypothesis then, let us draw a few philosophical conclusions. When the performance of what seems an impossible task is imposed under penalty, one of many states of mind (and consequent action) may result. If you are strong enough to defy authority, you laugh and pass on; thus affording the ever-present observer gifted with a genius for the obvious, a heaven-sent opportunity for remarking that here discipline has gone by the board. If you are not strong enough, you will impotently rebel or you will despair, and in either case, you will look about for a handy excuse to shirk. This is what you do, and it is precisely what Johnny-at-school does, for he also is of the genus *homo sapiens*. Zinkenheimer details other possible states of mind, which may be disregarded. Indeed Zinkenheimer is suspect, being a gross materialist who deals out mind-stuff precisely as he would dispense so many pounds of sausage.

CURRICULUM-MAKERS

Now Johnny's curriculum-makers have proposed, under penalty, what seems to Johnny an impossible task. These learned gentlemen have decided that the school must prepare Johnny, "to take his place in life," and that the process must begin at once. An excellent principle but not easily applied. What do they mean by "prepare"? Is Johnny's mental receptacle to be stuffed like that vacation trunk on which you had to sit before the lid would close? If Johnny refuses to chew this mental pabulum, is he to be fed with a mental stomach-pump like suffragettes on a hunger strike? And what do they mean by "taking his place in life"? Review mentally the tremendous activity, indicative of a thousand trades, avocations and professions, that swirls about Forty-second Street and Broadway or rushes through Chicago's "Loop," and concluding the review, tell me how any school can prophesy, with the accuracy sufficient to warrant a special curriculum, what part Johnny is "fitted" to take in this bedlam?

THE OLD AND THE NEW

Prepare we must; but we must also know what we are preparing for, and what is the process of a rational preparation. Once it was thought that if we taught Johnny to sit up straight and respect his elders; to love God and hate the devil; to form a reasonable acquaintance with Ray's Arithmetic, McGuffey's Readers, the Universal Speller and Mitchell's Geography, we were doing quite well by Johnny. We aimed at making him a man of good principles and a man who would know how to use his mind. We were quite aware that Johnny was dolefully ignorant of shoes and ships and sealing wax, with a quantity of other things. But we also tried to impress upon Johnny the primal fact of his ignorance.

All this is now changed. The curriculum of the high school and even of some grammar schools of today has many points in common with the finding list of an encyclopedia. Plumbing has been added to the list of studies that prepare for life; steam-fitting is a polite accomplishment taught in some communities where labor unions are weak; and Cincinnati, the modern municipal exponent of freak schools, has surpassed her own glorious record by offering to instruct Johnny in the noble art of base-ball umpiring. Nor have subjects and sub-subjects, more directly cultural or informing in content, been allowed to slip through the sieve of the curriculum-maker. The curriculum has changed vastly, in response, no doubt, "to the immense widening and deepening of human interests" as Dr. Eliot used to say.

A MATHEMATICAL CALCULATION

I doubt, however, if Johnny has changed *pari passu*, if the phrase be allowed, to meet the exigencies of the curriculum. The curriculum was formerly made to develop Johnny; nowadays Johnny is a kind of entity which develops curriculums; another modern change which proves how much better we are than our forebears. Let us treat the matter mathematically. Rating the mental capacity of Johnny of thirty years ago as one pint, let us postulate a teacher, whom for the avoidance of partiality we denominate "X," endeavoring to fill the pint-capacity of Johnny. Let us further admit, that owing to some subtle change in the constitution of the human mind since that time, the mental capacity of a modern Johnny is a pint and a half. Very good. But it seems to me that the amount of learning which the modern curriculum would pour into this pint and a half is comparable to nothing less than the yearly flow over Niagara. I have an idea too, that a pint-pot (or a pint and a half, as in the premises) subjected to this deluge would become somewhat amorphous. So is Johnny's mind when some schools have finished developing their curriculums upon it.

THE OLD COMPLAINT

Where there is a smoke that dims the sun there must be some fire. I have never met a teacher who did not complain, with reason in most cases, that he or she had "too much matter to cover." And the matter must be covered, regardless of results. Lovers of Bulfinch will at once offer the well-known bed of Procrustes as a basis of comparison. But there is something comfortable about the analogy of a bed, and as I own to a truculent mood, I shall instance the rack wherewith our Elizabethan ancestors endeavored to persuade our Catholic ancestors to acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of that most benign and clement monarch. Stretch Johnny on the rack of four or five subjects, and the resultant growl is but a healthy normal reaction. Spin the wheel to the hole of the seventh, eighth, or ninth topic, and Johnny's cries will fracture the welkin. I have a vague suspicion that these figures are becoming somewhat mixed as well as indecorous, but, to carry the thing to the end, it seems to me that after one or two such ultimate stretchings, Johnny will be mentally dead. But if released otherwise than by death, I think that Johnny will shirk the rack when he can, rebel against it always, and, if occasion offers, will change the rack's substantial form by the application of a torch.

THE REMOTE GUILLOTINE

After all, I have followed the immortal Bunscheider in arriving at my conclusion only on page 980 of the twenty-seventh volume. The point I have been trying to expound and expose is the connection between an overcrowded curriculum and Johnny's fractiousness. If an attempt is made to enforce such a curriculum, Johnny's calm of mind will suffer

shipwreck. His coordination of self with non-self becomes defective. His mental attitude, as Wasserman sagely observes, readily and almost unconsciously translates itself into exterior acts of an anti-social character. Briefly, as Bunscheider concludes, Johnny becomes fractious. If the curriculum is not followed, our by-stander, gifted with a genius for the obvious, readily diagnoses the situation. "It is better," elucidates this wight, "to have a few laws well observed than many laws which are not enforced."

So there you are, and there you are likely to remain. O, for a Reign of Terror to cart our curriculum-makers to the guillotine!

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

Heaven on Earth

WHEN a certain minister of St. Louis, whose name has had already more than its share of advertising, waved a fond adieu to his congregation, busy reporters were on hand to snap him in the act. So the recently-reverend gentleman with his hand on his heart and his eye on the cameras, told them in strictest confidence how it all came about. (His confidences covered a full page, Sunday magazine section.) His tone was that of the sphinx solving the riddle of the ages; his solution was couched in platitudes, hoary and venerable with the dust of time. Heterodoxy, one sometimes is forced to think, is horribly unoriginal. He had some truly cutting things to say about the obsolete sulphur baths once promised to unrepentant high-livers. The omission of quotation marks, no doubt, caused Voltaire and Ingersoll a pang of just resentment, but fortunately they were not in a position to charge plagiarism. Orthodoxy, meaning rigid, dogma-bound Methodist-Episcopalianism, was impaled on the once-reverend gentleman's walking stick. It had cramped the departing minister's soul. It had fallen crumbling before the trumpet blasts of science. The victories of science over orthodoxy sound suspiciously like the censored war reports from Senegambia.

And finally he climaxed: "I care not one snap of my fingers to bring men to heaven or save them from hell, so long as I can make this earth more like the former and less like the latter." With that gem fresh dropped from his lips, he hastened on his way to advise St. Louis suffragettes to imitate the tactics of Mrs. Pankhurst.

WHAT DOES GOD KNOW?

Making heaven of earth, despite the eureka tone of the formerly-reverend gentleman, is a feat that antedates in its first attempt the initial experiments in perpetual motion, the quest for the fountain of youth, and the original expedition in search of the golden fleece. Faint recollections of Eden have drawn men of every generation to think that they might succeed in plotting out a neat little terrestrial Paradise of their own, with choice lots selling at so much a front foot. They have plotted and paved and put in electric lights, and for safety's sake, installed a police and fire system; when somehow, the new dwellers in Paradise Subdivision began quarreling among themselves. And the Subdivision suffered an emphatic change of name.

If the original agent of the Subdivision was an unselfish, right-intentioned man, he gripped his aching head in two sweaty palms, and wondered how it all came about. If he was not, the United States Secret Service men were given traveling expenses to Morocco. For invariably these builders of terrestrial heavens, like the last man to take over the contract, begin by discharging anyone who might know anything about planning heavens; and then burn all the books bearing on the subject. What experience has God had building heavens that His advice should be worth consulting? What do prophets and saints for

all their raptures into the third heaven, know of twentieth century Paradises, with every modern improvement?

CLEARING THE GROUND

So the Genesis directions on Paradise building, the ten brief rules given to Moses and the eight definite hints offered to prospective builders of abodes of the blessed by Our Saviour on the Mount, are carefully locked away in a library with tractates on astrology, natural histories based on a personal study of dodos and rocs, and treatises on the medicinal properties of gems. Then these prospective plotters of heavens on earth, call in a scientist, a sociologist, a retired college president, a poet and a physician, and what they do not know about heaven building is not to be found in that font of all knowledge, the public library reference room. But this is an exasperatingly topsy-turvy world of ours. The more they plan merely for earth, the less satisfactory earth becomes. They teach men to preserve the race from the ravages of plagues, and men invent race-suicide. The splendid achievements of mechanical genius, while creating a luxury beside which the luxury of the Arabian Nights is unhygienic squalor, bring on a veritable economic war. We bottle up the forces of nature more effectively than Solomon bottled the genie in the fisherman's vase, and they serve to smite down regiments where once fell single soldiers.

Paradoxically enough, it is only by teaching men to gain heaven and avoid hell that earth becomes more like the former and less like the latter. The very things that make us fit citizens of the heaven to come, purity, honesty, charity, make us acceptable citizens of the earth that is. Throw over the hope of heaven and the fear of hell, and paganism is the inevitable result. And paganism is a polite name for selfishness, pessimism, immorality and despair.

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

For after all, what feature of the bliss of heaven strikes most appealingly upon our souls? Certainly we do not look there for mechanical inventions. Men have never ceased to laugh at Milton for introducing cannon into heaven. Mere knowledge and intellectual gratification does not attract the heart. When we note, sick at soul, the bitterness of man's hatred for his fellow-men, the wars, the labor antagonism, the domestic strife that follow upon man's turning from God, we look up with an insatiable longing for the love that is the dominant virtue of the Saints. It is love, love for God and love for one's fellows among the blessed that alone seems capable of satisfying our affection-craving hearts.

Conscious of this, and desiring to make their heaven more closely counterfeit the genuine, our builders of earthly Paradises talk largely and loosely about the brotherhood of man. That is thunder stolen from Christian forges. No one ever dreamed of brotherly love until Christ taught it as the great means through which, by gaining heaven and avoiding hell, men could make earth more like the former and less like the latter. There has never been but one true brotherhood of men, the brotherhood in Christ. There has been and is community of interest, similarity of tastes, societies purely utilitarian; there is but one Christian brotherhood.

CHARITY AND PHILANTHROPY

Before Christ, brotherly love was swallowed up in a universal slave system that only centuries of Christian charity could finally destroy. Fancy Pericles feeling a brotherly love for the Persian slave that spaded his garden. Fancy Cato, whose cataloguing of slaves with domestic animals and implements is a matter of proverb, going like St. Peter Claver to drag out his life for the salvation of the tribes of Africa whence his grooms were drawn. Philanthropy, which is the modern though inexact synonym for brotherly love, may make me spend my

money for my fellow-men, but this is often a matter of prudent foresight; brotherly love alone with its supernatural view of man's dignity and destiny, can make me spend myself. And if mutual love has anything to do with the constitution of the heaven of this last of the Paradise builders, he made a radical mistake when he parted company with Christianity.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

Perhaps in the once-reverend gentleman's collegiate days, some professor of antiquities and flippancy smashed to bits in his presence the justly celebrated Mosaic tables of stone. That was an unfortunate beginning for the career of a builder of an earthly heaven. Those tablets contained some delightfully lucid advice on how, by gaining heaven and avoiding hell, one can make earth more like the former and less like the latter. Anyone who has any just appreciation of the temporal consequences of sin, will have a very high esteem for the sociological value of the Ten Commandments.

Suppose instead of dwelling on the mechanical genesis of the labor question, the hitherto-reverend gentleman had expounded to the laborers in his congregation that all-important duty implied in the Seventh Commandment; while he made quite clear to his capitalistic parishioner that in grinding the flesh of his employees, he was guilty in God's sight of theft that cried to Heaven for vengeance. Though he had never hinted at the economic and mutually stimulating influence of cooperation nor spoken energetically on the benefits of arbitration, he would have gone far on the road toward solving for those he could influence the antagonism that is breeding hatred in their hearts.

THE ONLY CODE

For the construction of earthly Paradises, no code of rules ever remotely approached the Ten Commandments. They are more economic than all the labor legislation in the world. They are more sociological than playgrounds or settlements or field workers. The basis of all true human improvement rests on the pithy synopsis made by Our Lord when He told us to love God above all things and our neighbor as ourselves for the love of God. When all the fine-spun theories of modern utopians are sifted, all the gold that assays from their weave will be found to have been mined from Mount Sinai and the hills of Judea.

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Second Annual Convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae was held in Chicago on November 27, 28, and 29. Representatives were present from every State in the Union and from Canada. With the exception of one article the Constitution, drawn up during the past year, was adopted. The directors, instead of being appointed by the officers, will be elected by vote of the organization itself. There are still some hesitant souls, perhaps, who question the advantages of an Alumnae Federation. Briefly and in general, the prime advantage is that which results from the union in one organization of the many forces which previously operated alone. The Federation brings together a large number of educated Catholic women; united they form a powerful barrier against the forces which have been marshaled not only against the Catholic Church, but against all religion and morality. The next meeting of the Federation will be held in Baltimore.

The national secretary of the American Federation of Catholic Societies has brought to the notice of the head officials of various railroad companies an abuse said to have been practised by railroad employees including guardians of railroad crossings. Complaints had reached the Federation that slanderous publications against the Church and her priests and religious Orders

were being circulated by certain of these employees while on duty. Bundles of such papers are said to have been thrown off near Catholic colleges and institutions. In answer to the Federation's letter requesting that such practices should be discontinued if they existed upon the roads, replies were sent by all the railway companies excepting three: the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, the Texas and Pacific, and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul lines. In all other cases the companies either affirmed that no such practice existed upon their roads, or that they would make the proper investigations, if not already made, and promptly suppress all distribution of anti-Catholic literature. One company alludes in particular to an offensive sign, written in conspicuous places in the vicinity of stations, upon cars and bridges. It would be difficult, as the company implies, to trace the originators of such abuses who are likely to be "unknown persons."

Word has been received from Rome of three important appointments to vacant Sees in the United States. Right Reverend George W. Mundelein, Auxiliary Bishop of Brooklyn, has been made Archbishop of Chicago, to succeed the late Archbishop Quigley. Bishop Denis J. Dougherty has been transferred from the diocese of Jaro, in the Philippine Islands to the diocese of Buffalo, N. Y., and the Very Rev. Ferdinand Brossart has been appointed Bishop of the diocese of Covington, Ky. Bishop Mundelein was born in New York forty-three years ago. He studied at the Propaganda in Rome and was ordained there in 1895. He was made Chancellor of the Brooklyn diocese in 1898, was elevated to the office of Domestic Prelate by Pope Pius X and later became the recipient of signal distinctions, being the first American honored with membership in the Ancient Academy of the Arcadi. Bishop Dougherty was born in Girardville, Pa., 1865 and studied at the American College at Rome. On his return to the United States he was stationed at St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa. In 1903 he was consecrated Bishop of Nueva Segovia and was thence transferred to Jaro in 1908. Very Reverend Ferdinand Brossart was born in Bavaria, in 1849. Two years later his parents emigrated to Cincinnati. He studied at Mt. Saint Mary's Seminary and completed his course at Louvain. In 1888 he was made Vicar General of the diocese of Covington, and rector of the Cathedral. During the vacancy of the episcopal see he acted as Administrator of the diocese.

An account of the splendid work accomplished by the Catholic Church Extension Society during the past decade of years is given in the Tenth Anniversary Number of the *Extension Magazine*. Within less than fully ten years the Society has helped to build 1,097 chapels in seventy-seven dioceses. The amount generally given in these cases has been \$500.00, a sum which was meant to serve at least as a nucleus for a building fund, while the additional few hundred dollars were ordinarily raised by the congregation itself. Larger sums were likewise donated, but all gifts were made exclusively to poor places and to missions in dire need. The generosity of the Faithful has made possible these marvelous results.

Hundreds of persons have sent in five hundred dollars; some have sent in thousands. One good Catholic woman sent a check for \$12,500.00 for the building of twenty-five chapels in the Baker City (Ore.) diocese. . . . One man in the East, in memory of his dead children, has built a number of chapels, besides giving assistance to many schools—chapels and schools totaling sixty-eight. And who will say that such monuments are not more enduring, and more pleasing to God than shafts of marble or columns of granite, or an expensive mausoleum?

Hundreds of applications for similar aid are on file and Catholics have an opportunity to further still more this noble work. The equipment of poor churches, likewise undertaken by the

Society, is also a task of the greatest importance. To select only a few instances, the Society has given away 392 altars, 536 chalices, 1,943 sets of vestments, and 459 missals and stands. It has in addition to all this, furnished the country with three chapel cars and two motor chapels, and is at present paying for the education of twenty-four young students who are preparing to take up missionary work after their ordination. The total cash donations received during the fiscal year just closing reached the sum of \$332,854.58. The object of the Society is to assist in the upbuilding of the Church in the United States: it has likewise brought help to Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands, as connected with our country and has inaugurated a special campaign inspired by the sad conditions in Mexico. Its sphere is the home mission field and it has accomplished wonders within a short time by skilful management no less than by the generous contributions of the Faithful on whom it depends for its support.

A State prison labor board has been created in Pennsylvania to supervise the work of prisoners in State penal and reform institutions. An appropriation of \$75,000.00 was set aside under the law for the purchase of machinery and supplies and for the establishment of the new system. Prisoners are to be paid from ten to fifty cents a day. Three-fourths of the earnings go to the dependents of the prisoners. Where there are no dependents all the money is credited to the prisoner, who will receive one-third when discharged, one-third three months later, and one-third six months later. The supplies are to be sold only to State institutions. The arrangement seems to meet with the approval of organized labor, which hopes that this plan will be extended, "thereby solving the convict labor problem." The office of the State prison labor board will be in Philadelphia.

The centenary celebrations of the birth of the Venerable Dom Bosco still continue. The zeal of the saintly man first displayed itself in the teaching of catechism to boys. Soon there followed the establishment by him in Italy and elsewhere of festival oratories, day and evening schools, homes for poor children, schools of arts and trades, churches, institutions for emigrants and missions for the conversion of the heathen. He is the Founder of the Society of St. Francis of Sales or the Salesian Fathers, of the Institute of the Sisters of Mary Help of Christians and of the Association of Salesian Cooperators who assist by prayers and alms in all the undertakings of the Salesians. Rome thus recounts the work accomplished by them in North and South America within the short space of forty years:

In Buenos Aires the Salesians have over 5,000 pupils and eight public churches in their two huge parishes of over 200,000 souls. In the Argentine there are 46 Salesian colleges, with public churches attached, containing over 15,000 pupils. Uruguay, Paraguay, Brazil, Chili, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, Venezuela, Panama, Costa Rica, San Salvador, Mexico and the United States have witnessed their fruitful work. There are 360 institutions of Salesians and 250 Institutes of the Sisters of Mary Help of Christians across the seas, mainly occupied with work for emigrants. There are churches, oratories for festivals, elementary schools, secondary and professional schools, containing 100,000 boy pupils and 80,000 girls. There are 20 printing offices, 25 farm colonies, 200 clubs for old pupils, 120 secretariates for immigration, 80 committees of direction, and for the future of the work 30 novitiates and training schools for new directors and teachers. Salesian cooperators in all these works number over 200,000. And this in 40 years!

In 1903 the Salesians opened their first college in the United States with the principal object of fostering vocations for the priesthood. It is now located at Hawthorne, N. Y. There are Salesian establishments in New York City, Paterson, N. J., Port Chester, N. Y., Philadelphia and Ramsey, N. J.